The Washington Monthly

APRIL 1981/$2.00

James Fallows on National Defense

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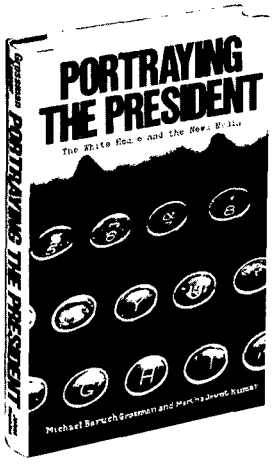

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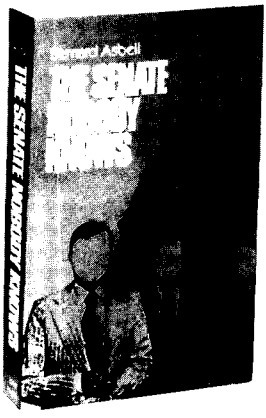

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Letters

Bondage and Parking

With regard to industrial development bonds and Madison's Jackson Clinic ["Industry's Bondage Fetish," Harold Bergan, January], there is another interesting sidelight.

In order to increase the tax increment for the clinic project, the developers reduced initial value by demolishing 120 units of relatively sound, low-cost, usable housing. This space is being used for a parking ramp. The proposed Capital Center project, to be built on what is now a surface parking lot two blocks away from the IDB-financed clinic and its parking, is to include about 120 units of new housing. So the federal taxpayer has subsidized the destruction of housing in order to build a parking ramp, while two blocks away he is subsidizing housing to replace parking.

That such a cross-purposes squandering of public money could take place, even in a relatively honest city like Madison, is a powerful demonstration of the tendency of self-interested lobbying to overcome the public interest.

MAX KUMMEROW
Madison, Wisconsin

Oil's Wrong

You're the ones who are always complaining about the big guys crushing the little guys, so how about giving some credit where it's due?

It was my newsletter, *U.S. Oil Week*, which first reported David Stockman's intervention on behalf of a group of Michigan farmers who wanted a government loan guarantee for their fuel alcohol plant—not the *Chicago Sun-Times*, as you stated ["Tilting at Windmills," February].

You may also be interested to know that it was *U.S. Oil Week* which first reported that the Hunt brothers, already once bailed out, were applying for an $80 million government loan guarantee for a fuel alcohol plant in Louisiana—not the *Wall Street Journal* or the *Washington Post*, which subsequently ripped off our story without credit.

CAROLE DONOGHUE
Washington, D.C.

Bombs Away From Here

In view of your concern about the effect of nuclear testing and accidental radiation venting into the environment ["Another A-Bomb Cover-up," Raymond Brim and Patricia Condon, January], it is shocking that you propose as "the best course of action" moving the tests back to the islands of the Pacific.

Even if the U.S. owned uninhabited islands suitable for testing, it is untrue that any vented fallout would simply drift harmlessly over the ocean. The testing at Eniwetok and Bikini has left a legacy of exposed people, displaced people, and contaminated islands extending far beyond the immediate bounds of the test sites. Parts of Eniwetok and Bikini will be uninhabitable for periods ranging from 25 to thousands of years. The U.S. should not export the dangers of nuclear testing from its shores to the homes of people in the Pacific islands.

The article also suggests that testing in the Pacific islands would be more expensive than testing in Nevada, but would produce "savings" by avoiding future cleanup costs stateside. The reader should know that the U.S. has spent more than $100 million cleaning up Eniwetok alone. We also had to remove Bikinians who had returned to their atoll after it was discovered that radiation levels in their bodies were approaching—in some cases, exceeding—federal standards. You may be correct in your assumption that future stateside compensation and cleanup costs will be high, but that is no reason to compound the problem we have already created in the Pacific.

GEORGE R. MILNER
Washington, D.C.

Mr. Milner is an official of the Department of the Interior.

Leapin' Lizards!

Michol O'Connor's article on why boring crimes investigated by boring agencies don't get prosecuted by U.S. attorneys ["Inside a U.S. Attorney's Office," January] is the best piece of writing by a lawyer since Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, and the funniest since Nixon's "I Am Not a Crook" speech.

Anybody who can write that well deserves better than she got from her clients in the Fish and Wildlife Service, who presented her with an expensive briefcase made of "black Nile alligator." There is no such animal. Either the boys passed off a $13.95 plastic imitation on her, or she is carrying a briefcase covered with Nile *crocodile*.

JOEL F. HENNING
Chicago, Illinois

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The Washington Monthly wishes to recognize the writers and publishers who share our purpose of trying to describe how the political system really works, to determine why it succeeds, and why it fails, and to suggest ways in which it might be improved.

The *Monthly* Journalism Award is presented each month to the best newspaper or magazine article (or series of articles) on our political system. Nominations from any newspaper or magazine anywhere in the country are welcome. The subject can be government in its federal, state, or municipal manifestations.

The award for articles published in April, 1981 will be announced in the July-August issue. Nominations will close on May 15. Nominations should be accompanied by two copies of the article or articles.

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Tilting at windmills

As you cross the bridge from Pennsylvania into Trenton, New Jersey, you see that famous old sign "Trenton Makes, the World Takes." Look past the sign and what do you see? Not a factory in sight. Just large state office buildings—and lots of them.

This is the tragedy of modern America. The people who make things have been replaced by the people who shuffle paper, and get paid lots of money for producing absolutely nothing. . . .

The Reagan administration's budget proposals may or may not change the country, but I think they will succeed in changing the press—at least that part of the press that covers politics and government. The large budget cuts proposed by the president are forcing reporters to examine how money is actually spent. Otherwise, they are realizing, they can't begin to let their readers know whether the proposed cuts are wise or foolish.

So, for example, we have *The Washington Post*'s Dan Morgan going to a school in Lansing, Michigan, to see for himself exactly what effects funding cuts would have on the classroom. This is the kind of political journalism this magazine has been advocating since its birth 13 years ago—get Washington reporters out into the country so they can find out what really happens as a result of the actions taken by the White House, Congress, and the bureaucracy.

Traditionally Washington journalists have covered only the announcement of programs—think of the television reporters on the Capitol steps or the White House lawn. Reporters were—particularly during the last three administrations—under absolutely no pressure to examine the programs, because the announced changes were almost always incremental. So slight were changes (usually budget increases, in rare cases decreases) that the basic value of the programs themselves was never in question.

Anyway, what's happening now is a novel experience for most political journalists. It's possible that if they don't get lost out there in the boondocks, they might learn something about the government and be able, in future campaigns, to ask really intelligent questions about the candidates' programs—instead of just reporting the latest gaffe or the .0039 percent shift in the latest opinion poll. . . .

Because of our desire to encourage this trend, we have initiated the Monthly Journalism Award. See page 22 for the first winner.

The California Commission on Interstate Cooperation has had no members for ten years. But it continues to receive annual appropriations from the state legislature. This year it's getting $79,014. According to UPI, the funds are used to pay dues to the National Council on State Governments, a Lexington, Kentucky, organization that publishes a magazine. Well, subscription rates *are* going up these days. . . .

What's going down is the quality of paint. According to *Consumer Reports*, there has been a noticeable decline in the opacity of paint (its "hiding power") in recent years. One-coat coverage may be a thing of the past. If you just can't face rolling that roller around a second time, try Benjamin Moore's Regal Wall Satin. *Consumer Reports* says it's the best bet to get the job done right the first time. . . .

One area where quality is supposed to be improving is automobile tires. To measure the improvement, the government has inaugurated a tire grading system. The higher the grading number, the longer the tire is supposed to last. But guess who does the grading—the tire companies. The result is that Michelin rates its top tire at 140, while Firestone and General rate theirs at 170,

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and Uniroyal and Kelly-Springfield rate theirs at 220.

Another problem area for quality is buses. You've probably read about how New York City's new buses started breaking down so badly old Washington buses had to come to their rescue. But the situation isn't much better here. According to Phil Price, Washington's Metrobus maintenance chief, "We used to get 200,000 miles between breakdowns on bus transmissions. Now we're getting 30,000." . . .

Most observers feel that William Webster is doing a good job as head of the FBI. Agents are no longer wasting their time on pimply faced auto thieves. Catching auto thieves was the favorite occupation of the bureau under J. Edgar Hoover, who loved the resulting impressive conviction statistics that built his reputation as a fearless fighter of crime. (The kids were not only inexperienced criminals, they couldn't afford to hire Edward Bennett Williams to get them off the hook.)

But I am sad to report that Webster does show signs of imitating the late, unlamented chief in one respect. He recently sent his 18,000 employees a nine-page memo on the state of the bureau—with a reproduction of his official portrait in the upper righthand corner. . . .

Mike Causey is my source for the Webster item, and for many others that have appeared in this space. He is *The Washington Post*'s civil service columnist and is read religiously by government employees. But he's largely ignored by his fellow journalists, particularly the great minds who write for the *Post*'s national desk, whose ignorance of Causey's area of expertise has been a scandal over the years.

Things may be improving

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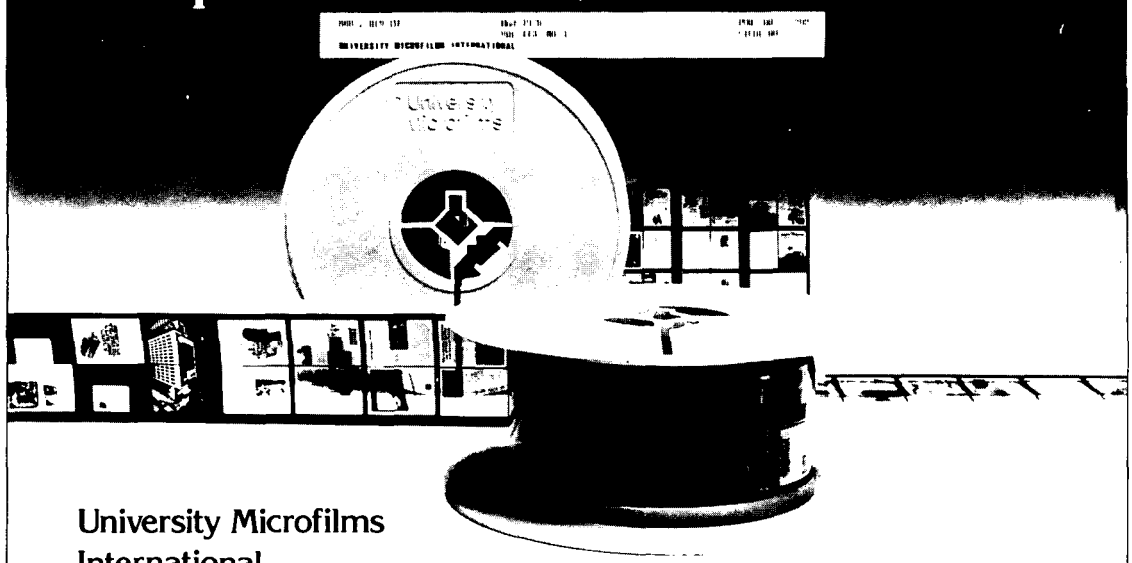

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now, as I noted above. But I have often wondered why Causey is not required reading for all *Post* reporters. That he obviously is not was illustrated a few years ago when the *Post* ran as news on page one a story that had appeared in Causey's column a couple of months earlier. What happened? A major out-of-town paper stole the story from Causey, and ran it as the paper's own original reporting. Then the *Post* stole it from the out-of-town paper....

Someone should have told the reporters that if that happens again—if, in other words, they are sufficiently vain or dimwitted to think they can cover government without reading Causey—heads will roll. I recently asked a friend at the *Post* why such orders weren't given, and he explained that for the reporters with big-shot status, the *Post* is like a law firm, where nobody tells a partner what to do.

Anyway, from a recent Causey column, here's another example of what they miss:

"Some program cuts that sound (and are) dramatic will not have that much effect on federal workers. The National Endowment for the Humanities, for example, is supposed to take a budget cut of nearly 50 percent. But that translates into only 12 (out of 228) full-time federal jobs that must be eliminated by September 30."

What this means, of course, is that the bureaucrats can be counted on to make sure it is only their programs, not themselves, that will be injured by budget cuts. Recently the National Park Service decided to close the popular Turkey Run Farm in Virginia, where children could see what colonial farm life was really like. The farm had to be eliminated because of a budget that was, according to *The Washington Star*, cut "to make up for pay raises given to government employees in October."...

One place too much of the budget is going now is to pensions for people who are too young to retire. Not long ago I read about a 68-year-old Washingtonian who was still working himself but had two sons who are retired. Both are former D.C. policemen. The next day I read two brothers, one 46 and the other 44, both firemen, were retiring.

The authors of neither story expressed the slightest alarm that experienced men in their forties were being paid not to work instead of paid to work. The President's Commission on Pension Policy has recommended gradually raising the age at which federal civil servants become eligible for pensions, from the current 55 to 68 by the year 2002. This is an important step. But even if taken it would still leave us with the tremendous problem of policemen and firemen and military personnel all over the country who are retiring in their forties—with an unfunded pension liability to the rest of us that can exceed $1 million per retiree....

Speaking of being paid not to do something, the state of Maryland is apparently planning to pay $6 million to the owners of Bowie Racetrack to not use their racing days. What makes this interesting is that racing days are granted by the state. The state has no legal obligation to give them to anyone, much less pay to get them back. Racing days are for a track what the ICC's certificates of public convenience and necessity are to a trucker. They grant monopoly (or shared-monopoly) rights the trucker (or track) can then sell for millions, even though the rights belong to the public, not the temporary holder.

I can hear you saying, Hey, wait a minute. Didn't those truckers and racetracks invest money in their trucks and tracks? Aren't they entitled to keep that money? Of course they are, but that's not the issue here. Bowie's owners will keep all their property, and sell it to whomever they wish. The only thing they're selling here is their right to racing days, and they're getting the state, which granted the right in the first place, to pay for it. Neither the trucker nor the track should be able to sell a license. Only the public should have that right....

Speaking of nearby states, here's the latest from West Virginia. James Haught of *The Charleston Gazette* has found out why those union officials live so well. It seems that in the case of the West Virginia Labor Federation (AFL-CIO), they do not rely solely on the dues of their members. Far from it. The Labor Federation gets $20 million a year in government contracts that fund the salaries of more than 200 AFL-CIO employees, through

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such organizations as the AFL-CIO Appalachian Council and AFL-CIO Services, Inc. . . .

During a recent Senate hearing on waterfront corruption, five of six subpoenaed officials of the International Longshoreman's Association refused to testify on the ground that they might incriminate themselves. They included, according to Edmund Walsh of *The Washington Post*, Tino Fiumara, "A man so feared that he had the loyalty of ILA vice-president Vincent Colucci . . .even though Fiumara is credited with killing Colucci's two brothers."

But even if we eliminate the self-incrimination clause of the Fifth Amendment, the great geniuses of the American Bar, ever vigilant against the possible triumph of justice, will probably still find some way to keep their clients from testifying. Thus Harold Ungar, attorney for one Anthony Scotto, another witness from whom the Senate sought enlightenment, told the committee his client could not appear because he had just been hospitalized for possible "sludge in the gall bladder." . . .

Here is the real secret of Jimmy Carter's failure as president: he did not face the issue of an agenda for the nation until the third year of

THE Washington REPORTERS

Stephen Hess

Focusing on reporters who cover the U.S. government for the American commercial news media, Hess provides an unusual—and sometimes startling—perspective on Washington newswork. His analysis reveals that "reporters are not simply passing along information; they are choosing, within certain limits, what most people will know about government. The freedom given and assumed by these news workers affects the shape of national affairs."

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his presidency. Then he appointed a commission to do it for him. The commission's report was issued in the administration's last month. In other words, the Carter administration didn't finally figure out what it should be doing until it was too late to do it.

Still, the report, "A National Agenda for the Eighties," is worth reading. Get it from the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C., 20402.

Wine companies sometimes pay wine and food writers of various publications to endorse their wines. How can writers prostitute themselves? Why don't their publishers fire them? It reminds me of another area of journalistic prostitution, in which travel writers provide puff pieces in return for free trips. In this connection the real estate editor of *The Washington Star,* Lew Sichelman, might pause to reflect on why he was just named Man of the Year by the Suburban Maryland Home Builders Association. . . .

Get your Reagan scorecards out and check off No. 5. The president has caved in on synfuels subsidies. He held out for six weeks, but then on March 3 Energy Secretary James Edwards gave a House subcommittee the word that Reagan had surrendered. . . .

Did you read that a federal judge ruled that government can't charge its employees for parking? Why shouldn't the government be able to charge people who park on its land? How could the government's attorneys have lost such a clear-cut case? Could it have something to do with the fact that they too are government employees with cars to park? . . .

As its contribution to the much-publicized "American Renewal" project, Time Inc.'s *Sports Illustrated* ran a lengthy article about how to reform sport. The thrust of the piece was a strong condemnation of professionalism and greed. The article argued that young athletes especially are damaged by the emphasis on cashing in. A primary "American Renewal" recommendation was that the media stop emphasizing money in sports stories.

Meanwhile, the cover story of the same issue was a photo of a 17-year-old hockey star next to the headline, "The Can't-Miss Kid." The story concerned itself almost entirely with whether the boy should drop out of high school to sign a million-dollar contract. . . .

A very large number of those appointed to the Democratic National Committee's executive committee (which runs things) are from organized labor. The labor representation is larger than in the past, at the very time when the Democratic party must re-think some of the Big Labor shibboleths or risk further decline. How can the party ever move ahead if it insists on reclaiming the old burnt-out New Deal coalition? It must fashion a new coalition that includes labor, but is independent enough of it to challenge its outmoded ideas.

One impact of our expanded foreign affairs operations since World War II has been an explosion in the number of cables, reports, and other State Department documents. Traditionally, most internal diplomatic documents are kept secret for 20 years, then reviewed and declassified. But the backlog of documents has grown so great that recently this process has been taking up to 30 years, which is a source of considerable frustration to historians.

President Carter reacted to this problem in 1978 by—what else?—creating a new agency, the Classification Declassification Center, whose purpose Carter said was to "increase openness in government" by "accelerating declassification." But, as Washington journalist Scott Chase has found, CDC's effect has been to slow the release of documents even further. "An entire new bureaucratic layer has been added," Chase writes, to what was once a reasonably streamlined process of having one historian and one State Department desk officer debate the merits of releasing any particular piece of paper. Now a quasi-legal system has been imposed, including review boards. A sort of due process right has been added using a clause in Carter's order concerning "foreign-originated information": CDC officials are interpreting it to mean that certain State Department documents cannot be published without first getting permission from the governments of other countries. Finally, Chase reports, CDC has been using its powers to re-classify some

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documents already cleared for publication....

The reason Trenton is full of state offices is the tremendous explosion in the number of state employees in the past 20 years. The same thing has happened in every state capital in the country. It's also happening in the cities. Remember when the city council consisted of some fellows who met for a couple hours one night a week? Now in San Jose, California, for example, city council work is a full-time job, and most members have a secretary and two other aides.

The largest government organization in Washington has nothing to do with the federal government. It's the District of Columbia's municipal government, with more than 40,000 employees. So if you want to cut the size of government, state and local offices are much more likely targets than the federal bureaucracy, which has not grown much in recent years.

But the Republicans, our main budget-cutters, have an automatic bias in favor of state and local governments and against the federal government. This is just as bad as the Democrats' bias in favor of the federal government. Both biases are a barrier to sensible reform.

The same is true of defense, where Republicans tend to be uncritical supporters of more spending while the Democrats spent most of the 1970s automatically opposing the military. A man like Gary Hart—who advocates a strong national defense but also doesn't want to waste money on weapons that aren't needed or don't work—is a rare figure in today's Washington.

James Fallows, author of the coming book *National Defense* (an excerpt of which appears on page 12 of this issue), once asked Richard Viguerie, the conservative Republican fund-raiser, why he automatically supported defense spending. "Because so many liberals automatically oppose it," was Viguerie's reply. Fallows then asked Elizabeth Holtzman, the former liberal Democratic congresswoman from New York, how she responded to that charge. With all the graciousness that made her a former congresswoman, she replied, "I won't dignify that with an answer."

The regulation issue is another where people split automatically into pro and anti groups, with little attempt to discriminate between the kinds of health and safety regulations that are needed to protect life (do you really want your baby deformed by a dangerous drug?) and the kind of economic regulation that needlessly stifles competition.

Of course the subject that inspires the most automatic of automatic responses is abortion. The pro-abortion people absolutely refuse to acknowledge the obvious truth that a life is being destroyed. The anti-abortion people refuse to acknowledge the occasions when having a baby would be disastrous for a mother or her family; or the toughest fact of all, the fate that is suffered by children who are truly unwanted.

Any hope for the future has to be based on a way to make these automatic responses less automatic, by encouraging people to face complexity and take pride in

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doing so. You don't have to abandon morality to deal with complexity and you don't have to sacrifice your determination to get things done—which is, of course, what some people really mean when they say, "Well that's a very complicated matter." They want you to give up, to stop bothering them. (It's the same way the establishment used to use the word "responsible" as a code word of praise whose real meaning was that you weren't going to rock the boat or really try to do anything.)

The way to deal with the problem of the automatic response might be to introduce into the American educational system experiences comparable to those a trial lawyer must go through before presenting his case to the jury. He cannot be a prisoner of the automatic response because that is the sure path to defeat. He must open himself up to every fact and argument in his opponent's favor. He must scrutinize his own case to see what will ring false or unpersuasive to the 12 people on the jury. He must continually expose his own arguments to the questions reasonable men would have. Of course this is something the worst of the automatic responders hate to do. In my experience as an editor, I have often had to deal with knee-jerk liberal and conservative writers. They actually get choleric when I try to make them face the reasonable arguments of the other side. They obviously think their articles will be weakened if they acknowledge the points of their opponents when, in fact, their articles would be better if they faced them, enriching their own positions with an acceptance of the other side's good points and making their own position more convincing because they have demonstrated to the reader that they aren't some blind zealot.

Think of a failing marriage. It can usually be saved only when the parties stop re-playing in their minds the litany of arguments that inflame their sense of self-righteousness, and begin to really listen to the legitimate points of their partners. That is exactly what concerned liberal and conservative Americans must begin to do....

Gary Hart is so alone these days he told *The Washington Post*'s George Wilson that "only the mahogany cheered" when he took the Senate floor to argue a non-automatic position on defense. Hart maintains the Navy should stop buying Cadillacs like the Nimitz-class nuclear aircraft carrier and nuclear attack submarines and instead—notice he has a constructive suggestion rather than the automatic no of conventional liberals—buy more Chevrolets such as light carriers and advanced diesel subs....

We have from time to time noted that our NATO allies seem to be reliable only in their desire to put self-interest ahead of the purposes of the alliance. Now comes my favorite example of them all. For the last two years the Greeks have been providing repair service for the Soviet Mediterranean fleet. The Greek company involved has received $7 million a year from the Russians....

One of the greatest rules of public relations is that when you have bad news, publish it on a day when, because of other more newsworthy events, it will be buried on page 28. So our Page 28 Award goes to the staff of Senator Edward Kennedy. His divorce from his wife Joan was announced on the day after the hostages were released and Reagan was inaugurated....

Why is the influence of the monetarists so great? They say inflation is caused by growth in the money supply. But inflation in America since 1972 has been caused primarily by things like OPEC's cartel pricing, wage increases that are not accompanied by productivity increases, and the monetarists' very own high interest rates that increase the costs for all enterprises that must use borrowed money.

The inflation of the 1970s has little to do with what the monetarists fear, "Too much money chasing too few goods." Think of the price increases that have such a cause. Are you still thinking? That's why I have no fear of increasing demand or giving people more money to spend. I favor tax cuts now to stimulate the economy. But instead of the Kemp-Roth plan, I would abolish the social security tax, which hurts low-income workers and low-income businesses. I would instead finance social security through income taxes—and reduce its costs through gradual elimination of benefits for all but the needy.

—*Charles Peters*

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"...And if this is just another job, then by God, I'm a sorry

A MILITARY WITH

In the stone buildings of Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania, near the track on which the young Jim Thorpe set his records as a student at the Carlisle Indian School, officers on their way to the top attend the Army War College. The students wear civilian clothes to de-emphasize difference in rank and to foster an "academic" atmosphere. Their instructors wear their ribbons and olive green. One of them is Dandridge Malone, a colonel of the infantry.

In a different life, Malone might have made his name as the author of country-and-western lyrics, because he has a gift for expressing home truths with the bittersweet, half-mawkish grace typical of the Nashville songs. He has written a number of articles in just that manner about the nature of the military life. Once when Malone was speaking to a group of officers a young lieutenant asked him what a "soldier" was. In response, Malone prepared and narrated a 40-minute tape recording called "The Soldier." Against a background of C&W-style music, and with sound effects, Malone tells the story of a young recruit, on his way to boot camp, through the tearful farewells to family and friends; the anxiety and confusion at the training schools; the friendships, the coarseness, the constant reassignments and promotions; the compromises and satisfactions of military marriage; and on to Vietnam, through the fire fights, the fear again, the deaths of friends; survival and return; the first glimpse of children he has not seen for a year, the first embrace of his wife, and then:

"... a supper of who knows who cares what, and more talk and bedtime and kids asleep, and an endless night of soft talk, moonlight, touches,

James Fallows is the Washington editor of the Atlantic Monthly *and a contributing editor of* The Washington Monthly. *This article is adapted from his book,* National Defense, *to be published in June by Random House. Copyright © 1981 by James Fallows.*

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suck-egg mule!"

by James Fallows

JT MIND OR SOUL

and sweet tears of thankfulness and the pent-up love of a thousand thoughts and dreams—a clear blue morning, a bright-yellow school bus, an apple-green housecoat and hot black coffee—elbows up on the kitchen table, and the first tentative plans for the next duty station and the next move, and—

"—and if all these wondrous things," Malone drawls at the end, country guitar twanging in the background, "which thousands of us share in whole or part, can, by the mindless logic of a soulless computer, programmed by a witless pissant ignorant of effect, be called *just another job* . . . then, by God, I'm a sorry, suck-egg mule."

The significance of the tape lies, by design, in the phrase "just another job." It is Malone's way of suggesting that the qualities that count in military leadership will always be fundamentally different from those that are rewarded elsewhere. The soldier's task is different—he is asked to kill and to expose himself to death—and the motivations of men who do so are based on requirements that do not exist in most other "jobs."

The essential difference is the focus of loyalty. In the civilian world, under the theories of John Locke and Adam Smith, the proper unit of social analysis is the individual. He acts alone; he is expected to follow where self-interest leads. While untrammeled self-interest is often pernicious in the civilian world, in many cases it is constructive. A salesman advances his firm's interests by advancing his own. An entrepreneur in a competitive market helps many other people (his customers, his employees) by helping himself. That is almost never true in the military. "The military is an allowable socialist meritocracy, existing to preserve a society of individuals," says James Webb, a Naval Academy graduate who led troops in combat in Vietnam as a

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marine. "It is socialist in that the group is more important than the individual. It is a meritocracy in that the ways you relate to your unit are not based on monetary terms, but on values of performance that only matter within the unit and are meaningless outside."

The effectiveness of a nation's military depends finally on the creation of a series of human bonds. These are the bonds among the enlisted men in a fighting force; between the enlisted men and the officers who lead them; among the officers; and between the military as a whole and the nation it represents. Such bonds have no place in economic calculations or labor-market models, for they are built on such noneconomic qualities as shared experience and mutual sacrifice, which create a sense of mutual respect and trust. Without them, the military cannot function. Soldiers will risk death only when they feel a bond of trust and responsibility with their fellow soldiers. Units will follow only leaders who have earned their trust through demonstrations of honor and willingness to sacrifice for the good of their men. A nation's military, especially in a democracy, can endure the hardships of war only if it feels tied to the nation by a sense of common purpose and respect. Without those bonds, it cannot cohere. The creation of these bonds has been imperiled within the military by what is known as the managerial ethic, and by the officer corps's "careerist" emphasis on getting ahead, no matter what the cost.

A nation's military depends finally on the creation of a series of human bonds.

Battlefield Bonds

In chronicles of combat through the ages, certain elements have consistently distinguished the units that prevailed from those that were shattered and lost. Those are the bonds of shared experience, identity, and trust that give cohesion to men in small groups and make them willing to sacrifice for one another and to follow their leader. The novels of James Jones are full of references to the dogfaces who hate war, hate the army, hate the generals, but will go out and die for the men in the company. "Soldiers fight because they love one another within that squad," the army chief of staff, General Edward Meyer, said in an interview. The common saying is, No soldier takes a hill for his nation, he takes it for his buddies.

In effective fighting groups, these bonds must run not only among the soldiers, but also between the members of a unit and a leader who has shown that he will share the hardships they endure. William L. Hauser, who retired as a colonel after 25 years in the military, has written with great perception about the inner cohesion of the army. He recalls the instructions that Field Marshal William Slim, a British hero of the Burma campaign in World War II, gave his officers: "I tell you, *as officers*, that you will not eat, sleep, smoke, sit down, or lie down until your soldiers have had a chance to do these things. If you will hold to this, they will follow you to the ends of the earth. If you do not, I will *break you in front of your regiments* [emphasis in original]."

In their book, *Crisis in Command*, two former officers, Richard A. Gabriel and Paul L. Savage, say that "the cohesion of a combat unit is to a large extent a function of the degree to which combat troops perceive that their officers are willing to fight and die *with* them [emphasis in original]." They point out that in World War II, German troops maintained their discipline and cohesion even when their cause was obviously doomed. It is no coincidence, they say, that one third of all German generals had been killed in combat, and that the German officer corps as a whole had a higher casualty rate than did the enlisted men.

In an attempt to define more precisely the qualities a leader must display to produce trust and cohesion among his troops, a team from the Army War College interviewed majors who had led rifle platoons in Vietnam, asking them to name the values that counted in combat. Four qualities stood out, described by Colonel Malone as follows:

"*Candor:* It's more than openness, it's saying the things that need to be said without a lot of words, without an under-the-table agenda, without a lot of Yessir and Nossir. The stakes are too high, and time is too short to screw around with anything but the essence and the truth.

"The battlefield is the most honest place in the world. The candor of the battlefield is why cohesiveness forms there so quickly and permanently, and why lies told there are punished not with gossip but with action.

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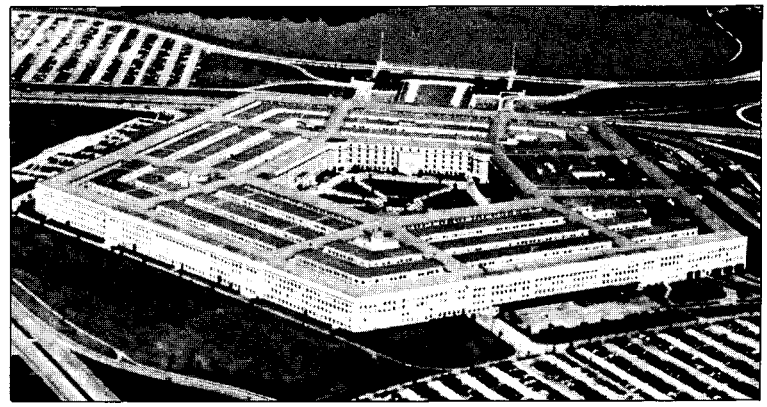

"*Commitment:* This is mainly commitment to people, rather than to an idea. For the soldier, the main commitment is to that 'ole buddy,' and after that to the small group of people in his squad. There's some commitment to the larger unit and a little to the nation, but nowhere near as much as to the buddy and the squad. You see it in the Medal of Honor winners. They're mainly men who jump on grenades, and they do it because they are committed to that small group. You go get your wounded, because they're your buddies.

"*Courage:* A guy always has a choice about taking a risk. He can lie there behind a log and there's nothing you can do about it. No one can make him get up. On the battlefield, the risk he must take is a total-loss risk, and yet, for various reasons, the soldier himself decides that the total loss risk is his best choice. Deciding to take that risk is courage. It is the ultimate definition of a soldier. Courage is contagious. He did it, I can do it. It's not that they want to do it, but they *will* do it.

"*Competence:* This is the oldest value on the battlefield. You can have candor and commitment, but if you are not competent you won't survive. On the battlefield, competence establishes the pecking order, which may or may not correspond to rank or the chain of command, depending on the competence of those in the chain."

There are parts of the civilian world that operate on similar principles of shared loyalty and shared risk. Families, football teams, political campaigns, churches, small-town doctors, all depend for their success on peacetime versions of the same traits. The example of these groups confirms that the qualities that really count for their, or the military's, success cannot be "bought," the way a new running back or a petroleum-law specialist might be, simply with a better contract and more attractive fringe and retirement benefits. The financial incentives matter, but by themselves they will fail to create the human bonds, as surely as big-city school systems fail when they try to "purchase" a more dedicated corps of teachers by sweetening their contract with the teachers union. Wherever military service, or medical or musical service, is judged purely by the economist's calculation of marginal trade-offs and maximized self-interest, it erects a structure of values inimical to the required goals. That is at the heart of the military complaint about "managerial" defense.

Managed to Death

To hear many soldiers tell it, the only thing that's wrong with America's military leadership is that the "managers" from the Pentagon have stuck their fingers in the soup. Just as managerial logic often leads to simplistic judgments about the "efficiency" of various weapons and strategies, it also tends to overlook the importance of the intangible, human factors that are difficult to measure scientifically but always count in combat. Leaders will seize the initiative in combat, soldiers say, only if they've been delegated true operating authority by superiors who know that there's a risk the combat leader will screw up. The battlefield leader senses that he's been entrusted with responsibility; on the whole, that sense of trust will inspire him to do a better job. An army that delegates real responsibility to the leaders on the scene will have some incompetents and even some Lieutenant Calleys, but it will move farther, faster in combat than one that has taught its officers to do only what they are told.

Centralized control has been a permanent feature of the Soviet army, as of other parts of Russian life, but for the American military it is a self-inflicted wound, arising from the managerial logic. One former navy officer tells about a friend who was commanding a ship during a rescue operation. His superiors were hectoring him on the radio, asking what ships were showing up to the left of him, and what he saw on his right. Finally the officer grabbed an ensign and sent him below to work the radio. "Tell them you're me," he said. "Tell them anything they want to hear. I've got a job to do." The story was

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obviously meant to suggest that this was the way a real leader would respond but that there were not many of them left. "What about the young officers who think that's the way life's supposed to be?" said the man who told the story. "What are they going to do 20 years from now when somebody shoots at their ship and they can't get through on the radio to ask what to do?" There was a Gresham's law of the officer corps, he said. The only ones who stayed under these circumstances were those who didn't really understand what "leadership" meant. First, they made up 10 percent of the officer corps, then 50, then 90, and eventually there was no other model for young officers to follow. Indeed, he said, the most dangerous development in the officer corps was that it was driving out the very people it most urgently needed to keep.*

One marine colonel described the pernicious effects of another step toward "efficiency" at his base—the centralized mess hall, where marines would eat in shifts. It might make sense on the cost chart, he said, but how would his men learn to feed themselves in the field? "The worst thing about it is," he said, "that the cooks won't have to spend all day with the guys who eat their food. That helps remind them, and everybody else, that they all have to perform as part of a team."

In his office at the Army War College, Dandrige Malone has this written on his blackboard:

"Things worth thinking about on the difference between leadership and management:

"• **Management is the 'physics' of things, but leadership is the 'chemistry' of people.**

"• **When, in war, men must die (and in war, some must), they can't be *managed* to death . . . they must be led there.**

"• **'Sacrifice' has an honored place in *leadership*, but not in *management* . . . and that may be the nub of our problem."**

James Webb has written: "Management is not leadership. Management can be approached as an academic discipline; one can be taught to analyze data, to weigh alternatives, and to make a decision. Leadership is something else. It is a subjective chemistry filled with human variables. It takes more than the ability to analyze data to make a leader; one must be able to motivate those who are being led, to reach their emotions through command presence, force, and example. It is much easier to educate a manager than to develop a leader."

Major by 30 or Out

Persuasive as the soldier's complaints may be, they tend to underplay a further distortion of the military spirit. While parts of the officer corps have resented the incursions made into military values by the "managerial" style, many other elements have cooperated in the process, remaking themselves in the model of go-get-'em business executives.

The crucial word for this phenomenon is "careerism," which means, in essence, the desire to *be*, rather than the desire to *do*. It is the desire to have rank, rather than to use it; the pursuit of promotion without a clear sense of what to do with a higher rank once one has attained it. The military is naturally a fertile ground for careerism, since there is a single, visible hierarchy of rank on which all men are placed—especially in the peacetime army, when there is no test of combat performance. Careerism may be observed, in embryo, at the service academies, where the most successful military careers have their start. Taking in young men and women at an age when their characters cannot have fully formed, deliberately intending (as no private college does) to reshape their personalities, the academies most often succeed in imbuing their graduates with the passion to worship what Maureen Mylander, in her book about the military, called the "God of Class Standing." Academy graduates tend to fall into two categories: the Military Men, with the culture of arms in their very chromosomes; and the formlessly ambitious ones, as eager to become

*Philip Galery, son of an admiral and an Annapolis classmate of Webb's who has since left the navy, says, "What is essential is to give people responsibility and hold them to it. One way to judge that sense of responsibility is how officers train ensigns. Try to imagine: you're coming into port, there's some ensign up on the bridge, and he's going too fast. What qualities would it take to stand there and do nothing? It would take two. You would have to be a good judge of people. Will he realize his mistake in time to correct it? And if that judgment is incorrect, you would need confidence in yourself to be able to step in at the right time. That's the other quality. You get that from having been the ensign who learned it from a captain who had it too. There's the story about Muddy Waters, the old admiral. He was an ensign for Nimitz. Nimitz just sat there in his chair one time as Waters was coming in. He was coming too fast. Finally he realized it, threw out the anchor, finally got it stopped. Nimitz never got out of his chair. When it was over, he said, 'You know what you did wrong, don't you?' 'Yes sir. I was going too fast.' Nimitz had figured out that the ensign would realize the problem in time—and that if he didn't, Nimitz would know what to do.

"That's too hard for them now."

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chairman of the board if they leave the service as to make general if they stay. The cheating scandals that "shock" Annapolis, West Point, and Colorado Springs every few years are one symptom of the amorphous ambition for place that the academies implant. The institutions that most closely resemble them are the nation's "best" law schools.

> "Finally the officer grabbed an ensign and sent him below to work the radio. 'Tell them you're me,' he said. 'Tell them anything they want to hear. I've got a job to do.'"

One of the most important propulsive forces behind careerism is the policy of "up and out," which was introduced into the military shortly after World War II as part of an effort to create a younger, tougher officer corps. Officers knew the schedule: they became captains in their early twenties, majors in their early thirties, colonels in their late forties. If they weren't keeping up with the crowd, they were out.

"Up or out" greatly magnified the careerist emphasis on holding a position rather than doing a job. Even the most dedicated soldier knew that if he were too indifferent to the imperatives of promotion, he might not be able to stay and do the things—commanding troops, flying planes—that had attracted him to the service in the first place. As a result, a rich lore has grown up in the military about the proper steps in the dance of promotion. In *Self-Destruction*, "Cincinnatus," a pseudonym for an army officer, writes that after the Korean War:

"'Duty, honor, and country' was replaced by the need to be in the right job at the right time. The news spread throughout all levels of the army. Careerism, rather than dedication to the welfare of one's men, was the way to get ahead. Such career advancement was best enhanced by 'ticket-punching' procedures: be sure to go to jump school so you could wear airborne wings; pick up Ranger tabs to wear on your uniform sleeves; command a unit as quickly as possible—but not for too long, for that might prevent moving on to the next requirement of staff duty. Secure a coveted assignment in the Pentagon. Seek overseas duty. . . . Do not make mistakes. They hurt. Do nothing rather than commit an error, and at all times 'cover your ass.'"

A man who served in the air force at Wright-Patterson Field describes the way one of his ambitious colleagues played this game while still a lieutenant: "There was a Junior Officer's Council at the base, the kind of thing that was supposed to build morale, and so forth. It didn't really do anything, but after a while you had to get into it to have something to put on your personnel records and get a good OER [Officer Efficiency Report]. If you showed any interest in the organization, you could be an officer of the council, and there was one superambitious guy who ended up as president. When he got in, he had the council commission a study on how people got promoted to major 'below the zone'—ahead of the normal schedule. The promotion lists tell you which guys are below the zone, so he got their names, and sent out questionnaires to them, asking how they did it. He found out the common traits—and then he tried to follow them. He even became a deacon in the Baptist Church because that looked good on the OER. He did make major below the zone, and lieutenant colonel. I understand he's burned out today. The sad thing is that the guy did some very promising work, but he would never follow up on it because his whole purpose in life was to get promoted."

The careerist emphasis has several effects in the peacetime military. The most fundamental is the perversion of the essential bond between officers and men. An ambitious officer with his eye ever on the promotion board will be tempted to use his men, rather than lead them; to avoid their risks, rather than share them; to rely on his rank to command their obedience, rather than winning their trust through example. Careerism also leads to the debasement of the Officer Efficiency Reports, the basic documents on which officers are judged for promotion. These have become so cheapened that any officer who is not rated "outstanding" has, in effect, seen his career torpedoed. "Commanding officers know that good scores make for happy subordinates and that bad scores, rather than serving notice of temporary failings, can wreck careers," Nicholas Lemann has written. "So the maximum score of 200 is common and 185 is a disaster. If you average below 195, it's thought impossible to make major." The desire to "max" the efficiency rating is notable for promoting a please-the-boss mentality, or, as it is often known among officers, the "zero defects" approach. Beyond that, the OERs have a devastating symbolic impact, demonstrating how little value the

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military places on honest, unpleasant news. Worse, they breed contempt for those who do get promoted, since everyone involved knows that the standards of judgment are systematically warped. When junior officers compare the men who make general and admiral with those who do not, the lesson they are most likely to carry away is that too much character and honesty can be handicaps to men on the way up.

Careerism leads to a trivialization of the officer's function as well, through the phenomenon of "ticket punching." The philosophy of the ticket punch is that an officer on his way up should have a balance of experience. No man should be a general (or colonel, or major) who has not commanded troops. In theory, this reflects a sensible emphasis on the real business of the military command. As practiced, it defies all rules of military effectiveness. Since the U.S. army has a far higher proportion of officers than most other forces, they end up elbowing each other for "command slots." The army's chief of staff, General Edward C. Meyer, ordered in 1980 that command tours should average 30 months in length, even if that meant that some officers wouldn't have a chance to lead troops. Until that time, the military's solution to the problem had been a classic example of serving internal needs rather than the standards of real performance. The answer had been the 6- or 12-month command slot, which gave everybody a chance to punch his ticket but absolutely destroyed cohesion and loyalty between officers and men.

Command is not the only punch needed on the ticket. Ambitious officers must also go to the staff schools, get graduate degrees, prove they have the "breadth" for big assignments. The result, according to Edward Luttwak, a perceptive defense analyst, is "an officer corps that is systematically diverted from its proper professional focus by all these other things. What they give us now, we don't need. What civilian society is *not* competent to manage is, precisely, conflict. The military has become civilianized in the sense of emulating, at higher cost, things the civilians can do better—but not concentrating on the things the civilians cannot do, which are to train combat leaders, to study tactics and to pursue strategies."

I asked Luttwak what response he got when he made these points to officers, as he has done. "Many of them agree, but they feel there are overwhelming forces against them. A military that has come under the domination of civilian micro-managers turns to managers of its own in defensive reaction. A military with serious personnel problems must devote more of its time to personnel management. A military with shortages of supplies must pay attention to resource management. And a military that shares the national passion for high technology is drawn into engineering ambition. Also there is a demand for these civilian skills by the officers themselves. You can't get an M.A. or a Ph.D. for being a good leader, so you don't have prestige. Under the 'up or out' promotion system, the military insists on having an education that is of some value in the civilian job market. If they were teaching what they should, it would have *no* value in the civilian market."*

Few spectacles are more depressing than the modern officer corps in the nonmilitary part of its training. Somehow, in setting the balance between Renaissance men and pure warriors, between skilled managers and gifted leaders of troops, the military has not got any of it quite right. It is clear, from talking with officers and seeing who gets ahead, that a pure tough-talking commander is not going much higher than colonel—not unless he's taken some time off for a graduate degree in international relations or physics. But as far as I can tell, the function of those degrees is almost entirely to give the officers *credentials*, rather than to prepare them in any useful way for their jobs. When their dissertations and their War College papers move off military subjects to more "broadening" themes, they are usually superficial and vapid. The courses on nonmilitary subjects tend to be lickety-split surveys of every topic imaginable, the main effect of which is to teach the officers the names of assorted revolutions, or factions of communism, or divisions of the executive branch, rather than any useful way to think about them. Why waste their time this way at all?

The ideal is the scholar-warrior, the man of action incorporated in the man of thought. The

*William Hauser has pointed out that "up or out" teaches the prudent officer to think of the military as his "first career," since all but the most successful handful of officers would be leaving by their late forties or early fifties. As their thoughts turned by degrees toward the necessary subject of the "second job," their attention drifted from the skills and values necessary to perform well in the first. The skills, especially in the combat arms, would have little worth in the second job; and devotion to the best interests of the military might well harm their chances of securing one of the most likely second berths, with a defense contractor.

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reality, most of the time, is the dilettante, who cannot reasonably be expected to master physics, or history, or management as a sideline, but who is expected to touch these bases instead of concentrating on the subject he should know, which is the nature of war.

There is a further perversity to the system. While men who should be leaders and strategists have to pretend they are scholars or managers to get ahead, the smaller number of officers who *are* gifted at management and reflective thinking know that they won't be promoted unless they can prove they're warriors, too. It is as if an Olympic committee chose the contestants for every event—weight lifting, gymnastics, yachting, equestrian—on the basis of their overall score in the decathlon. One major who works on a service publication, a serious man who has found exactly the right job, told me that he was trying to decide whether he should stay at his job and resign himself to being stuck at his current rank or try for a transfer to field command so that he could be considered for promotion. "In a sound military, you need three talents—the manager, the leader in the sense of 'a leader of men,' and the theorist," says William Lind. "Right now the manager totally dominates ... the leader is tolerated up to field grade, and there is no place at all for the theorist. Clausewitz would not have lasted two weeks at West Point." As Ward Just wrote ten years ago: "There has never been a Clausewitz in the American army because the writing of *Vom Kriege* [*On War*] took time and serious thought."

Soldiers in Vietnam were awarded almost as many medals as were handed out in all of World War II, when 10 million men served.

My Lai Fallout

The forces of careerism are pernicious enough in a peacetime force. In Vietnam, their effect was catastrophic. Each pathology of the peacetime army had its equivalent on the battlefield. The equivalent of inflated Officer Efficiency Reports, for example, was the promiscuous distribution of military decorations in Vietnam. By the beginning of 1971, more than 1,270,000 medals had been awarded to American soldiers, roughly 70 percent as many as were awarded during all of World War II, when 10 million men served. The equivalent of the West Point cheating scandal was the officers' systematic lying about enemy dead, victories, civilian carnage. The purest and most destructive form of careerism was the wartime version of "ticket punching." German officers are with their units for three to four years at a time; in Vietnam, officers were on their way after six months. "Cincinnatus" recounts tale after tale of the effect of ticket punching, including these reflections from an artillery officer:

"Vietnam was the only war we had. Career development purposes were served by it; ticket punching helped. You needed a combat tour, you got one. The main thing was to have (at the time I was there) the right ribbons on your chest when the war ended. The fallacy, though, was that if you were really effective as a combat leader, you got six months. If you were the village idiot and couldn't do anything except to fly around in a helicopter and ask the troops if they were getting their mail, you got six months. The justification for the six-month command had, in reality, nothing to do with 'burn-out' but was followed in order to get as many people rotated through command slots as possible, so after the war the army would have a lot of people for a long time who had 'commanded' in combat."

Richard Gabriel and Paul Savage emphasize the contrast between the heavy casualties in the German officer corps in World War II and the American officers' record in Vietnam, where a total of four generals died violent deaths, one from a sniper's fire while riding a jeep, and three others in helicopter crashes. "Cincinnatus" adds:

"Grunts saw very few officers sharing their dangers with them. Most of them were Second and First Lieutenants who often were ex-enlisted men who had gone to OCS for a commission, or they were ex-college men who had stayed out of service for as long as possible under the aegis of ROTC.... Senior captains, majors, and above were more likely to be the career-oriented 'lifers,' doing their fighting from their 'eye in the sky' command and control helicopters. From 2,000 feet up they could direct their units in relative safety, rather than having their 'ass in the grass' on the ground."

(In interviews, a number of officers suggested that this principle could be raised to another level of abstraction. If soldiers are more likely to fight for officers who share their risks on the field, the military will more competently and

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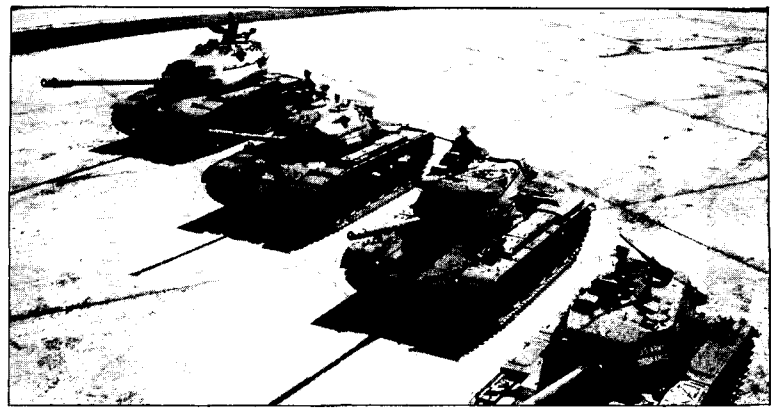
bravely defend the nation if it senses that its sacrifices are honored and its special needs understood. That was not the case in Vietnam, where the military understood that it was sent on dirty duty, nor has it been the case since then, when officers have felt that the public does not really want to hear about their problems.)



Whatever damage the war in Vietnam did to the self-confidence and certainty of the nation, it did that much, squared, to the professional soldier. However much the soldiers may complain about not having been "allowed" to win the war, most of them seem to recognize that the war both caused and revealed considerable sickness at the center of their corps. At least some of them have responded by looking for the way back to proper military principles.

The nadir occurred in 1970, when the My Lai massacre was unveiled. To the public, "My Lai" became a shorthand expression for "butchery" and "brutality"; within the military, Lieutenant Calley's behavior was less shocking than the widespread complicity of the professional officer corps in condoning and covering up the event. In addition to his official report on the cover-up, Lieutenant General William L. Peers submitted a secret memorandum to William Westmoreland, by then the army's Chief of Staff, suggesting that something had gone fundamentally wrong with the values and ethics of the officer corps. Although carefully phrased, it left no doubt of Peers's conclusion that officers had learned to lie, had forgotten the rules of leadership and trust, were promoted on grounds that were militarily corrupt. Within weeks, Westmoreland turned to the Army War College and instructed it to conduct a "Study on Military Professionalism" to explore the questions Peers had raised. Two and a half months later the War College submitted its results, a rich portrait of an army that had sacrificed its military values to those of the career rat race.

The initial reaction within the army confirmed the report's worst conclusions. The Peers memorandum, the My Lai report, and the War College study were all ordered classified. Peers's own career was effectively at an end. Shortly afterward, the military faced bombardment from a number of books and articles about the corruption of the officer corps. Lieutenant Colonel Edward King's *The Death of the Army,* Major Josiah Bunting's *The Lionheads,* Colonel David Hackworth's article, "A Soldier's Disgust," all appeared in 1972, their criticism the more wounding since it came from men who obviously cherished the military ideal.

Yet the struggle for reform inside the military went on. Colonel Dandridge Malone recounts the steps that followed the Study on Military Professionalism:

"In 1971 we did a leadership study of 50,000 army leaders. The main thing they said was that they wanted their bosses to be straight with them, and wanted the opportunity to be straight themselves. In 1972 we began to implement some of the findings. In 1973, a very interesting thing happened at Leavenworth [at The Army Command and General Staff College—an important stop for the ticket-puncher]. Some of the majors started to talk about things ethical. They went to the commandant, a very hot guy, and asked for a small session. He said, let's do it for the whole class, twelve hundred guys or so. They brought in 20 generals, 20 civilian experts on ethics, 20 straphangers like me. They had a big session, then broke up, sent one of each group to the classes. Things happened. One general was saying that he was right on top of things in his units, that no one would dare submit a falsified report there. A young major stood up and said, General, I was in your division, and I *routinely* submitted falsified reports. The general's response was, When you speak to a general officer, stand at attention. That was happening all over the place. All but two of the generals were stuck bad. They were embarrassed, and when they left they started badmouthing the plan. They talked about the 'ethics stuff,' they called it 'moralistic streaking.' General Abrams was about to sack the whole

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thing. But then someone went to him and said, 'What if we'd met apathy instead of emotion when we talked to our young officers about ethics?' I think that's what got the whole 'reformation' started. That's when it got up its head of steam."

Through the late seventies, there were more "ethics" courses at the staff schools, more articles from senior officers about rediscovering professional values. A "Trust and Confidence" program was introduced, which emphasized that an officer's word was his bond and that he shouldn't have to sign endless forms, like a man applying to a bondsman for bail, certifying that he would carry out his obligations and pay his bills.* It is hard to pick up a military journal these days without coming across an article like "New Leadership for a New Air Force" or "On Fostering Integrity." Much of this is posturing, and it has not begun to eclipse the careerist pressures in the force. Most of today's generals and admirals are men who got there because they were procurement wizards, or adept at punching their tickets, or careful not to make waves. Simply on a human level, I was struck by how little "edge" most of the generals seemed to have to their characters, how bland most of them seemed, not only in comparison with the captains and colonels beneath them, but also compared to successful men and women in other fields—politicians, doctors, businessmen, teachers, writers. When younger officers contemplate their example, a great number probably decide to emulate them. But more and more seem to have begun to look for other paths, and in that reaction, I believe, lies the military's hope for recreating the moral bonds on which its cohesion ultimately depends.

*A one-time officer describes the harm that the opposite approach can do. He says that at one of the service's command training schools, young officers who have just come in from ROTC or elsewhere and will soon be sent on their first assignments are made to sign a number of legalistic forms detailing their obligations. The former officer, who has taught at the school, says, "I tell my classes that there's a paper I have to sign that makes me mad. It asks for your home address and phone number and says the reason is so that they can find you if you leave without paying your bills. I told the classes that it made me mad to sign that, and if it made them mad by the end of the class, then I would have taught them something important."

Whatever damage the war in Vietnam did to the self-confidence of the nation, it did that much squared to the professional soldier.

McNamara's Heirs

Unfortunately, the "managerial" approach to the military goes beyond relationships between human beings. It has long since affected machines and the making of military plans. It is often associated, correctly, with Robert S. McNamara, who became secretary of defense under John Kennedy in 1961 and resigned under Lyndon Johnson in 1968. It is less correctly identified with the "systems analysts" whom McNamara brought with him to the Pentagon. Although the analysts, the "whiz kids," rubbed nerves raw throughout the Pentagon, and although they added an economic accent to the rhetoric of defense, their lasting influence was far less significant than the impact of another group that came in under McNamara's wing. These were the impresarios of high technology, who with McNamara's blessing made the Research and Engineering division of the Pentagon the power center for decisions about new weapons, and who used the analysts' economic calculations as cloaks for each new project they proposed.

The failing of managerial defense is usually described as its inability to distinguish between efficiency, in the economic or technological sense, and effectiveness on the battlefield. That covers the point, but too crudely. The real problem is the use of an oversimplified, one-dimensional form of analysis, often based on simulations and hypotheses, in place of more complicated judgments, based on data from combat or realistic tests, that take into account the eight or ten qualities that must be combined to make a weapon effective. The worst kind of management seeks a single optimum, a one-scale index of efficiency, like the mindless scales of "1 to 10" for grading a woman's beauty or one to four stars for a movie's appeal. For example, the huge, complex Trident submarine is "efficient" as a carrier of nuclear missiles, since each one will hold 24, compared to 16 for its predecessor, the Polaris. But a missile submarine's effectiveness finally depends on its ability to escape detection and survive attack so that its missiles will be safe and available for use as a deterrent. By that standard, the Trident is a senseless step down in effectiveness, since it greatly reduces the

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The Washington Monthly

Announces The January Journalism Award

The Washington Monthly **Journalism Award for January 1981 goes to Ernie Gates of *The Daily Press*, published in Newport News, Virginia, for his January 29, 1981 news analysis "Farmer's Bill Won't Help Farmers."**

Gates described how a bill pending in the Virginia state senate touted as aid to drought-stricken farmers was really nothing more than a new business opportunity for investment bankers and bond salesmen. The bill was written by an Omaha, Nebraska, law firm representing E. F. Hutton and Co. Similar bills, packaged in the same false way, have already passed in Alabama, Louisiana, and Oklahoma and are now pending before nine other state legislatures.

number of hiding points among which the missiles are dispersed. When the conversion is complete, the United States will have gone from 41 Polaris submarines to about 20 Tridents. Because the Tridents are bigger, each of them may be more vulnerable to discovery by non-acoustic means (such as magnetic detection) than would smaller subs. The simplest kind of managerial logic has added many such weapons to our force.

Many of the fights McNamara chose are still good fights. The supply systems remain out of sync with one another. As of early 1981, the military stockpile contained enough Phoenix missiles to last about a day and a half in combat—and enough vanadium and chromium to last two years. The only difference between the Defense Supply Agency, which McNamara created in the early sixties, and the separate service supply bureaucracies it replaced often seems to be that its troubles are centralized, and therefore larger.

Each of the services is as parochial in defending its interests as ever. The army has built a new armored personnel carrier and the air force has built hundreds of assault transport planes. The new armored vehicle is larger than the ramp opening of the planes, so that planes cannot carry the infantry's most important vehicle. The air force "owns" the Minuteman and Titan nuclear missiles that sit in silos, aimed at the Soviet Union, but the army is in charge of defending those silos against attack, whether from saboteurs or from enemy missiles. During the mid-seventies, when the supposed "vulnerability" of the missiles in their underground silos to enemy attack became a matter of first principle in nuclear planning, the air force developed its plans for a new, mobile "MX" missile without ever formally consulting the army about other means of defending the sites. To one proposal for the future of America's nuclear force—getting rid of the silos and putting the missiles on ships and submarines—a frequent answer, advanced in dead earnest, is that this is too big a job to leave to the navy.

TOW-Headed

Since at least the early sixties, defense managers have predicted great things for new generations of "precision-guided munitions," which are meant to take much of the worry and messiness out of war. One such weapon is a missile called the TOW (the acronym stands for "tube-launched, optically tracked, wire-guided"). The

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theory of its operation is that a soldier will stand and fire the missile at a far-off tank. By keeping the sight on the launcher aligned on the tank during the ten seconds or so of the missile's flight, he can adjust the missile's course as the tank maneuvers, theoretically ensuring a hit. These weapons are said to be marvelously "cost-effective," since a missile that costs $7,000 can theoretically destroy a Soviet tank that costs half a million dollars.

The managers spent hundreds of millions for a weapon that is likely to litter the ditches of the first battlefield where it is put to use.

"Anyone who likes the TOW has never seen a battlefield," said one man who has studied the weapon. "To guide the thing, you have to stand exposed from here up"—motioning to the lower chest—"for at least ten seconds. The people who think these things up don't realize that there's all the difference in the world between a two-second exposure on the battlefield and ten seconds."

Although the TOW has never been tested in combat, it is bulky enough that in wartime TOW gunners would probably not be able to protect themselves by lying down or hiding behind cover and still keep the missiles from hitting trees, bushes, or the ground. "To fire the TOW, you've got to stand there, practically naked," a marine officer told me at Camp Pendleton. "A soldier's just not going to do that."

Those that have tried, tend to get killed. During the Yom Kippur War in the Mid-East in 1973, the Egyptians used a Soviet-built weapon call the Sagger, which is similar to the TOW. For the first two days of the war it wreaked havoc on Israeli tanks. Then the Israeli commanders got smart and simply assigned a gunner to pick off the Egyptian soldier setting up the Sagger. For all practical purposes, that was the end of the weapon's usefulness.

Tom Kelly, a combat veteran of Vietnam, says, "Soldiers will throw a weapon away if they don't have faith in it. The soldier is the guy making the ultimate decision on weapons systems, and he is going to throw it out if he can't count on it. There was that Sheridan tank—you knew it was a coffin, so you wouldn't stay in."

The analytic error was to concentrate on one value only—the "probability of kill," or Pk, for each shot from the TOW—and to ignore several others, such as the gunner's ability to survive, and the rate at which he can fire missiles. The single-shot "Pk" means less than the rate of fire to a platoon that is facing not one tank at a time, but 50. By ignoring these complications, the managers and technologists spent hundreds of millions for a weapon that is likely to litter the ditches of the first battlefield where it is put to use. It is easy to sneer at this error, until you consider how much of modern life—college board scores, price/earnings ratios, presidential "approval" ratings—is run on similar reductionist principles.

The same mistake applies to the modern radar-guided missiles, which have added so much to the cost of modern fighter planes. When the missile is flying toward its target, the pilot must stay locked in a pattern with the other planes, flying a predictable course that lays him open to destruction from any other planes that happen to be in the area. (Most aerial combat involves large numbers of planes, instead of one-on-one duels.) In their haste to equip planes with these precision-guided missiles, the managers passed up the opportunity to refine a weapon that had proved, in combat in Israel and Vietnam, that it did work. This was the 20-millimeter air-to-air cannon, a gun of Korean War vintage, which left the pilot much freer to maneuver to safety, was hard for the enemy to spoof, and had a better overall probability of kill. Similarly, the high hopes attached to the TOW have preempted the effort—and the money—that might have been used for improving simpler antitank cannons, which soldiers could fire more quickly without exposing themselves to near-certain death.

Tom Kelly, the veteran of Vietnam who later worked as a civilian in the Pentagon, has described yet another precision-guided weapon called the Dragon. The guidance system, which consists of a heavy, shoulder-mounted sight, requires a soldier to stand very still, like a photographer taking a picture in dim light, while the Dragon is in flight, because any small movement is translated into larger variations in the missile's course: "The TOW's designed for long-range shots, but where in Europe are you going to get a 2,000-yard clear shot? So instead they have the Dragon, which is for shorter ranges. When they fire these things on the test range, a guy can guide it for a couple of hundred yards. Then he breathes, and the thing goes up

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and down in flight. Assuming that the ground is perfectly flat, he may recover in time to guide it back to the target, but if the ground is rough, it won't make it. It turns out that what you really need to do it right is a guy who's about five foot eight and weighs 250 pounds. There aren't many people built like a fireplug."

This managerial logic contributed to the growth of ineffective weapons in another, less direct, but perhaps more important way. Robert McNamara led the services toward the policy of "fixed force structure," which meant there would be 13 aircraft carriers for the navy, 16 divisions for the army, and so on down the list. In each case, impartial analysis would determine how much was enough—and that was how much the services would have, for all the foreseeable future. The intention of fixed force structure was, somewhat naively, to set rational limits and keep the services from asking for the moon. The effect was to give them an irresistible incentive to buy only at the top of the line. When the navy knew it had 13 carriers, no more, no less, why shouldn't it pack everything it could onto each carrier? From the services' point of view, the only virtue of simpler, cheaper weapons (apart from the fact that they work) was that they could buy more of them. Fixed force structure denied them even that incentive.

Body Count

There was also a gap between the managerial approach and the real, human history of combat when it came to motivating and controlling men at war. Successful military commanders have understood that lies are built into news as it moves from the battlefield up the chain of command. Napoleon is supposed to have told subordinates that the only way to know for sure what was going on at the front was to "go look." The great German tank tactician of World War II, General Hermann Balck, mused in a recent interview sponsored by Battelle Laboratories that he was irritated when his subordinates were rotated because he'd spent time learning the degree of lying to allow for in each one's reports. However dubious the causes in which it served, the combat leadership of the German army must be regarded as the most consistently excellent military establishment in modern times. In his history of the German military leaders, *A Genius for War,* T.N. Dupuy points out that German generals devoted extraordinary efforts to finding ways of getting realistic, accurate, firsthand information from the field.

The German generals' efforts were dictated not by the convenience of internal routine, but by the need to perform on the battlefield. Some of the most successful enterprises—businesses in their hungriest phase, successful political campaigns, public agencies in extraordinary periods like the early New Deal—manage to enforce the same insistence on external results. The vast majority do not. All that the typical government executive knows about his programs is what he reads in reports and computer print-outs from his subordinates. The typical business executive never goes to a branch office of his company and sees what the customer sees. That is why the first casualty in any large organization is realistic information from the field. It is far more convenient to know only the facts that are easy to measure and that reflect well on those in the chain of command. Therefore, while the human cost of this practice was far greater in Vietnam than in nonmilitary organizations, there was nothing atypical in the managerial techniques there. In his book, "Cincinnatus" says:

"Since progress could not be measured by such traditional yardsticks as miles gained or cities won or armies destroyed, both Secretary of Defense McNamara and the upper echelon of his military followers sought other ways to compute the relative advantage of the United States over its adversaries.... The 'solution,' acclaimed by both military and civilian parties, was to apply statistics to the battlefield: search for significant factors that would lend themselves to statistical manipulation; tabulate relative position semi-annually, or monthly, or weekly, or daily, or hourly, then do it again and compare results with those previously determined."

"Cincinnatus" quotes a paper prepared at the Army Command and General Staff College by Major William Lowry:

"Duplicity became so automatic that lower headquarters began to believe the things they were forwarding to higher headquarters. It was on paper; therefore, no matter what might have actually occurred, the paper graphs and charts became the ultimate reality."

The culmination of this logic was the body count, of which "Cincinnatus" says:

"It has always been natural for one side in an armed conflict to estimate the number of casualties it has inflicted upon the other side. Not until Vietnam, however, did 'estimated enemy casualties' become an all-encompassing obsession of the army. The feverish pursuit of this talisman actually led to increased American losses,

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brought dishonor upon those who espoused the practice, and generally lessened the stature of the army within American opinion.... Officially it was U.S. policy to claim as enemy dead only those bodies that had actually fallen on a battleground and had been physically counted by an American commander. Any man who has ever been to war, particularly anyone who ever fought in Vietnam, knows that such a policy was impossible to implement or enforce and consequently was conducive to 'estimates' which could easily be falsified. Yet once entered on a report form, such estimates took on a reality of their own, transcending anything that might have actually happened. No matter how arrived at, the figures themselves became real."

Grant's Heirs

The desire to simplify and rationalize, and the pursuit of one-dimensional measures suggest the second major drawback of managerial defense. Its effect on military strategy is to reinforce a style of "attrition" warfare that has dominated American military practice since at least the Civil War but is at serious odds with the military reality of the 1980s.

Attrition is a toe-to-toe slugging match, in which each side assumes that the other will abide by predictable rules and that sheer weight of numbers and materiel will determine the outcome. Its equivalents in sports are tug-of-war contests, "demolition derbies"; its equivalent in nature is the sea wearing down the stones. It was the approach that all sides took during the trench warfare in World War I, and that the Allies followed to victory at the end of World War II, when the arsenal of democracy crushed its adversaries.

The purest operational description of attrition came from David Hackworth, a retired army colonel, as quoted in Stuart Loory's book, *Defeated:*

"I remember a German lieutenant captured at Salerno who I was guarding in 1946 in a prisoner of war camp. He was a real tough looking kraut and I was a young punk, a pimply faced kid. He could speak perfect English, and I was riding him. I said, 'Well, if you're so tough, and if you're all supermen, how come you're here captured and I'm guarding you?'

"And he looked at me and said, 'Well, it's like this. I was on this hill as a battery commander with six 88-millimeter antitank guns, and the Americans kept sending tanks down the road. We kept knocking them out. Every time they sent a tank, we knocked it out.

" 'Finally, we ran out of ammunition, and the Americans didn't run out of tanks.' "

From Grant to Eisenhower, the United States has been the side that would never run out of tanks and didn't need to worry about anything else. "We gin up the production lines and crush the enemy with steel safes," says William Lind, a military historian who works on the staff of Senator Hart. But attrition also applied in Vietnam, through the search-and-destroy missions and the repeated attempts to draw the enemy into "decisive" battles, and there it failed. The reason has to do with an alternate view of conflict, and an alternate strategy known as "maneuver war."

Maginot Mentality

The distinction between "attrition" and the "maneuver" approach might best be appreciated by comparing the French and the Germans before World War II.*

It is not generally known that on the eve of the war, the Germans had fewer tanks than the French and British forces stationed in France, and that the German tanks were more thinly armored and had less powerful guns. What the Germans did have was a new concept, introduced and implemented by General Heinz Guderian, of how to use their tanks to exploit the weaknesses in their enemy's force.

The French spent roughly as much money as the Germans arming for the coming conflict, but the French spent much of it on the Maginot Line, which was effective only as long as the Germans chose to attack it frontally with massed, slow-moving infantry. The Germans spent their money on tanks and trucks they could use anywhere.

In systems of communications and command, the maneuver approach emphasizes setting a clear, central goal—overrun Poland; destroy the morale of American troops in Vietnam—but then allowing local teams and commanders the maximum leeway to seize whatever opportunities they see. Because of the profligate use of modern communications, the commanders of the failed American rescue missions to Iran and the *Mayaguez* both had to clear each minute tactical move by radio with the Joint Chiefs of

*Discussion of "maneuver" and "attrition," more fully spelled out in my book, owes much to the thinking of retired air force colonel John Boyd.

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Staff on the other side of the globe.

In battlefield tactics, maneuver dictates an emphasis on deception, unpredictability, surprise. The British troops who were sent to put down the American revolution walked in serried ranks, wearing red. The Americans wore mufti and fired from behind trees. So did the Boers, for it took the British troops until the middle of the Boer War to learn the lesson of the American revolution. This is another illustration of the persistent ability of pure, abstract reason to resist evidence from real life.

> "General, I was in your division and I routinely submitted falsified reports." The general responded: "When you speak to a general officer, stand at attention."

In the first real book of military theory, *The Art of War,* written about 400 B.C., Sun Tzu said that of the ways to conquer an enemy, the most desirable was to destroy his mind, that is, his plans, his intentions, his view of the world. Next best was to disrupt his alliances—which make his own world stable, which provide the moral bonds to sustain his effort. Worse was to attack his armies, and worst of all to attack his cities. On the level of grand strategy, this is Russia being "defeated" in World War I by its own revolution. On the level of individual combatants, it shows up in the harrowing accounts of the panic that disables fighter pilots, long before their planes are shot down, when they realize in a dogfight that they are certain to be outmaneuvered and killed. Attrition does not account for these effects. It would reverse the order of Sun Tzu's list.

Viewing the enemy as an integrated organism rather than an undifferentiated mass also suggests fundamentally different measures of success. For example, in attrition warfare, enemy dead are the most reliable indicator of progress. In a maneuver approach, enemy *prisoners* are a more telling indicator. Their capture suggests that the enemy has not been able to adapt to changing situations, that "friction" has overwhelmed him, that his internal systems of discipline and command have broken down.

Finally, maneuver also suggests a different view of one's own vulnerability—which can be summed up as: an army (or nation, or weapon) is only as strong as it weakest link. If the opposing force is also an adaptable organism, it will probe for weaknesses and exploit them. At the beginning of the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, Russian soldiers rode in armored personnel carriers called BMPs. The BMPs had fuel tanks in the hollows of their doors. "How long do you think it took the Afghans to figure out that one shot in the door would send it into flames?" one defense analyst asks.

There was a time when American forces fought with maneuver principles—in the Revolutionary War. Since then, the American military heritage has been long on the Ulysses S. Grants, the champions of the crushing, ponderous attack, and short on the Stonewall Jacksons and Douglas MacArthurs and George S. Pattons, who made quick, unexpected end runs around enemy forces rather than attempting to ram them head-on.

Despite its failure in Vietnam, attrition remains embedded in current American military philosophy, kept in place by managerial logic. The army's current field manual instructs officers on how to identify the "Forward Edge of the Battle Area," a line that simply never existed in maneuver operations like the blitzkrieg or the Inchon invasion. It tells commanders of divisions in the field that:

"The chief mission of these forces must be to fight with sufficient strength and tenacity to force the enemy to disclose the size and direction of his main attack and buy time while defending forces concentrate *in front of the main thrust*... In mounted warfare, armored and mechanized elements [tanks and trucks] must be set in motion toward the battle positions *in the path of* the enemy thrust."

The American air force and navy both pursue the ultimate in attrition warfare—deep "interdiction" bombing, far behind enemy lines. The navy does so under the label "power projection," and designs its fleet to that end. (The Soviet navy, by contrast, is designed to sink the American navy.) Military historians may debate whether or not the two atomic bombs dropped on Japan in 1945 had a "decisive" effect in that war. Apart from that special case, it is hard to make a serious argument that deep interdiction bombing far from the battlefield has ever had a significant military effect, except possibly to harden the will of the bombed civilian population to persevere. After World War II, the U.S Strategic Bombing Survey, a team on which John Kenneth Galbraith and George Ball

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worked alongside Paul Nitze, found virtually no correlation between how heavily different regions of Germany had been bombed and how much their morale or productivity had declined. Complex-weapons buffs often point out that the Thanh Hoa bridge in Vietnam was finally destroyed by a guided missile, after more than 50 planes had been lost in the effort. They rarely add that this technical achievement could not be converted into a strategic success because there was a ford just up the river. The military problem with day-in, day-out bombing is that people get used to it. The first time a city is bombed, people are shocked, trapped, caught in the open and killed. After that, they learn to anticipate, hide, survive. Bombing is effective under two circumstances: when used suddenly, in combination with other maneuver tactics that force armies to move and expose themselves; and in the special, hideous case of nuclear bombs.

"Wars of attrition worked in the past because of our phenomenal industrial base," says Larry Smith, an assistant to Senator Gary Hart. "There was always time. The seas kept us separate. We could get the 'arsenal of democracy' running. We could gear up in time. I'm not sure that our industrial capacity has that self-evident surge capability now—especially for this different kind of production. You can change a farm truck line to one making military trucks by changing the paint job. Retooling Boeing to make fighter planes is a different story."

Senator Hart himself said in 1980: "Our highly technical and specialized peacetime economy is not as easily and quickly converted to war production as it was in World War II. A Soviet invasion of Western Europe might prevail before we could surge to meet it—if it is fought in the traditional firepower/attrition manner.

"Maneuver warfare, on the other hand, could attack important Soviet weaknesses. Their command structure is highly centralized and cumbersome. Little discretion is permitted to unit commanders. The stresses in their ranks due to the fusion of divergent nationalities, the language barriers which often exist between a Russian officer corps and enlisted men of other nationalities, and the uncertain reliability of Warsaw Pact units—all suggest a vulnerability to a maneuver warfare designed to disable through disorientation."

"The American national style of warfare remains unchanged," Edward Luttwak has written. "It still presumes a net superiority in materiel, for it is a style based on the methods of attrition." Luttwak's point is not simply that attrition is a habit carried over from a day when the United States enjoyed a cushion of time and distance from foreign conflict and was endowed with an unparalleled resource base but also that the managerial approach to defense encourages an attrition strategy. Attrition, he says, is "war in the administrative manner . . . in which the important command decisions are in fact logistic decisions. The enemy is treated as a mere inventory of targets, and warfare is a matter of mustering superior resources. . . .

"War in the attrition style has the great advantages of reliability [of results], of functional simplicity, and analytical predictability, and it is this that allows such great scope for the use of objective ('systems analysis') methods of evaluation and allocation decisions." More precisely, he might have said that attrition gives the *illusion* of predictability and reliable results. The outcome of the war of attrition in Vietnam was anything but what its managers had predicted. Maneuver, by contrast, requires skill and daring on the part of the officers, and a willingness from their superiors to tolerate the risk of an occasional sloppy loss when the calculated risks don't pay off.

Missing Intangibles

Eliot Cohen, in an article called "Systems Paralysis," says that the simplistic, too typical approach to systems analysis discourages "the study of one's opponents, his language, politics, culture, tactics, and leadership. The unit of analysis is the mission or the object: The enemy is therefore often regarded as a passive collection of targets. The attitude is that of an engineer building a bridge across a river, who does not for a moment think that the river will act deliberately in order to thwart him. Alternatively, systems analysis assumes that the enemy resembles us."

As if in parody of the managerial approach to defense, one analyst wrote in a book about air power, published in 1974, that "waging war is no different in principle from any other resource transformation process, and should be just as eligible for the improvements in efficiency that have accrued elsewhere from technological substitution."

The natural legacy of viewing war as a "resource transformation process" is an overreliance on technology and an underemphasis on the intangibles of leadership and esprit. ■

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FASHION MAGAZINES:

99 Ways to Increase Your Insecurity

by Donna Fenn

It is easy to understand why the women's fashion magazines—*Glamour*, *Mademoiselle*, *Vogue*, and *Harper's Bazaar*—were so popular in the 1950s. It was the era of the unliberated woman, and they were dedicated to her, to telling her how to be beautiful. Every issue was filled with advice on the right clothes, make-up, fragrance, and hair style. The clear, although usually unstated, purpose was to help the reader land the right man. If work was mentioned at all, it was in connection with the kind of jobs young women sought to fill the time between school and marriage.

Today women are liberated and their careers don't end with marriage. But the fashion magazines are still popular. In fact they are much more popular than the magazines devoted to the Working Woman. A magazine with that title has a circulation less than one fourth of *Glamour*'s.

Donna Fenn is on the staff of The Washington Monthly.

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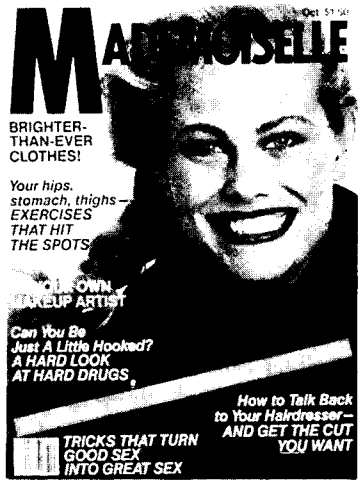

Directed at a generation of women whose inner core of self-doubt seems to have been unaffected by the apparent triumphs of the women's movement.

And the four fashion magazines combined have a circulation of more than 4.5 million—twice that of their five liberated sisters: *Savvy*, *New Woman*, *Working Woman*, *Self*, and *Ms.*

Why? Have the fashion magazines changed? Or have women not changed as much as we have thought?

When you put a 1950 *Glamour* next to a 1981 edition, you do see changes. Women don't always wear hats and white gloves now, jobs are not exclusively secretarial or assistant something-or-other, birth control is not only advertised but advocated, and, for good or ill, psychological advice is dispensed routinely. In the 1950s there were certainly no articles like the December 1980 "Why My Affair with a Married Man Was One of the Happiest Loves of My Life." (The "one of" sense alone would have counted that headline out in earlier years.) Now it's okay to wear revealing clothes, take the pill, and be assertive.

In other respects, however, the fashion magazines haven't really changed that much. They continue to play on women's insecurities. Now, as in the 1950s, they tell anxious women How To. Pick up any current issue and I guarantee you'll find at least half a dozen articles whose titles contain the words "how to" ("The Office Party: How to Impress Them All") or have "how to" implications ("Four Steps to Beautiful Eyes"). The message is "You're not good enough, so let us make you better, since we know things you don't."

A classic example of self-help is the "makeover" feature. In this "before and after" section, an "average reader" who closely resembles a Siberian prison matron is transformed into a ravishing beauty with just the right make-up and hair style. Of course if you actually tried it yourself, you wouldn't end up looking like Cheryl Tiegs. What you might do—and the editors know this—is blame yourself, not the magazine, and go back to the newsstand for more help.

But there is a difference in the self-help focus today. In the 1950s, women's magazines confined themselves largely to advice on fashion and appearance. Now they try to encompass every possible aspect of a woman's life. *Glamour* even has a monthly "How to Do Anything Better Guide," clearly based on the assumption that the reader feels she should do *every*thing better.

Not that the fifties magazines didn't have some non-fashion facets. There has always been advice on how to deal with men. But its content has changed dramatically. In 1954 *Glamour* introduced a columnist named Jake to give girls advice on the male point of view. Jake was a real fifties man: "Affection is something a man doesn't naturally talk about," Jake confided, "and when he does, he's either pushing it, or else he's demented." "Jake" is still around, but now he's more interested in mellowing out, getting in touch with his feelings. Lately Jake has told readers why he isn't ready to move in with his girlfriend, and why he doesn't want to hear about a woman's old flames.

In the fifties, nice girls didn't, or if they did, they didn't talk about it. Now it seems they can't talk about anything else. *Mademoiselle*, in its January 1981 issue, tells women that after classifying their lover as a "dictator," a "jungle

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fighter," a "silhouette," "big daddy," "soother," or "win-win negotiator," they should proceed to the next phase in the love-management matrix. This involves "addressing specific issues," "making trade-offs," "negotiating for substitute action," and "exploring impasses."...And you thought the board meeting was over at five.

If negotiations break down, the alternative to binding arbitration is to turn to page 92, where today's new woman can read about "turning on to pleasure" with "today's new love toy." The article, complete with the obligatory "real life situations," assures women that under certain circumstances it is perfectly normal to use a vibrator. But, Harvard Business School graduates, "Never, never use the vibrator in the bath tub."

Still not enough sex to suit you? Then look forward to next month's issue, which promises "Exercises for Lovemaking," "What's the Big Deal About the Big O," and "Breasts, Making Yours Look—and Feel—Beautiful."

Of course looking and feeling beautiful is still the main subject of the fashion magazines—from the breast enlarger ads in the back of the book to the covers that promise to tell you all about:

- How to Have Great Looking Nails
- 75 Top Looks from New York, Paris, and Milan
- Beautiful Teeth in Minutes
- How to Talk Back to Your Hairdresser
- Plastic Surgeons
- 100 Top New Looks
- Why Love Makes Us Fat
- The Pros Answer Your 24 Most Asked Beauty Questions
- 150 Top New Looks
- Stop the Clock—15 Famous Over-40 Beauties Tell You How

How many times a day do women cast an anxious glance in the mirror? How many men grow apoplectic as they pound on bathroom doors, imagining that hours have elapsed while the woman inside fusses and sprays? How long before men with their designer cologne and 50-dollar haircuts fall victim en masse to the same thing? Who gets the bathroom then?

Right now, unfortunately, it's still no contest. Looking good is still what matters to too many women. The women's movement hasn't yet managed to change that. What it has done—and this is an unfortunate side-effect—is to increase the scope of women's insecurities. This is faithfully reflected in the fashion magazines. "Can You Run Your Own Business?" is a recent *Glamour* article that definitely would not have appeared in the fifties. Now women must worry about how to handle their investment portfolios, improve their backhands, make small-talk with the Belgian ambassador, and prepare a resume for the presidency of the World Bank. Ladies, not only do you not smell right, you didn't cover your short position on the commodities exchange quickly enough.

Gone is the 1950s image that a woman has done well in life when she lands a secretarial job with a handsome boss, and good riddance to it. Yet now it's not enough to be anything but the boss—a fine achievement for those few who realize it, but no more a practical goal for women in general than it is for men. Men have long been

Ladies, not only do you not smell right, you didn't cover your short position on the commodities exchange quickly enough.

plagued by the image that only the handful among them who make Big Bucks or become Big Deals can lead a worthwhile life; now women are imposing this misery guarantee on themselves as well.

By themselves, the fashion magazines don't create the problem. Many women find fashion fun—a hobby—and in that sense these magazines are no different from *Sports Illustrated*, *Car and Driver*, or any other specialty publication. But the fashion magazines do play on these insecurities much more than any men's magazine. The subject of a sports or car magazine is not the reader personally—it's about sports or cars. Not so the fashion magazines, where self-image is central.

The strain of personal insecurity is especially hard on women, because they are generally expected to be proficient at a far greater variety of things than men. For a man, it is enough to be a success in a profession; a good appearance or social skills are not mandatory. Indeed, the unattractive, rumpled, obnoxious man who triumphs on the job through raw drive is a hero of American culture. The woman who triumphs

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on the job, meanwhile, is scorned if she is not also pretty, fashionably dressed, a poised hostess, a graceful dancer, a tigress in bed, and a doting mother.

Eileen Ford, owner of Ford Models, Inc., recently said that the face of the eighties will be "sweetly sexy, romantic, and authoritative." She'll "exude independence as well as wholesomeness and be able to make lasagne as well."

This is at once comic and cruel. Comic in the sense that it is obviously a challenge that is impossible to meet. Cruel in the sense that it is directed at a generation of women whose inner core of self-doubt seems to have been unaffected by the apparent triumphs of the women's movement. The triumphs have merely increased the anxiety level by increasing the number of challenges for the woman of the eighties while leaving her with the same lack of self-esteem that characterized her mother in the fifties.

If fashion magazines are any guide, women still look for too much when they turn to face themselves over the sink each morning. Until the women's movement changes that fact, its accomplishments will remain more superficial than they should be. Women will continue to view appearance and success as reflected by someone else's mirror. ■

Toothbrushes in Roses!

With the exception of a few useful tips on health and hygiene, fashion magazines are shamelessly padded with vast amounts of filler. For example, *Glamour* had this advice for a tongue-tied guest who wants to know how to break the ice at a party: "Why not try a line like, I'm here from Rent-a-Party, are you an invited guest or a paid one?" If her tongue wasn't tied before the party, it will be after—by someone else.

The magazine's touchy-feely features are equally appealing. *Mademoiselle* recently ran an article entitled "The Image Test—Are Other People Trying to Tell You Something?" The piece quizzes readers as to how often "people mimic your mannerisms," "fidget and look away while you're speaking," or "tease you about some aspect of your appearance." Should the reader fail these or others of the 48 questions she might be a candidate for "a total image overhaul." Sort of like an engine overhaul, only more expensive.

Some women skip the advice on fashion and self-image and get right to the serious stuff. Want to boot your beau but don't have the guts? Turn to page 51 of *Glamour*'s September 1980 issue for "Six Friendly Ways to Break Up with Your Man." Here's an option: "Send back his toothbrush—nestled among a few roses—with a note saying 'roses are red, violets are blue, I'm sorry it's over, here's your toothbrush for you!'" Or for the more athletically inclined: "after all those sets of tennis, send him a tennis ball with a note that says, 'it's been a ball, but...'" Guarantees you'll stay friends. (That assumes you give back his plaid bathrobe which *Glamour* told you to wear with your black tuxedo pants.)

There is also a vast amount of obvious advice. *Glamour*'s "Do's and Don'ts" column recently enlightened its readers with "Don't let bare, light-colored summer sandals walk into winter with you. With heavy socks, they look out of place."

One reason the magazines get away with this sort of thing is that the reader who buys them out of fear that she doesn't know the right things to do is relieved to discover that she does know that heavy socks and sandals don't mix. Likewise when she realizes she already knew those 50 beauty secrets the cover advertised. She's not angry at the magazine for cheating her, she's just grateful to know that she knows.

—*D.F.*

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MEET THE MASTER OF (RISK) FREE ENTERPRISE

His name is Dwayne Andreas. You work for him.

by Eric Pianin

Just before the Inauguration, Robert Strauss spent a relaxed lunch hour with a small group of reporters, reflecting on the ruination of the Carter administration and pondering his own future.

Strauss explained that he would return to his Dallas law firm and make some money for a change—by lending his name to several large corporations. He said that his close friend, Dwayne Andreas, had invited him to join the board of Archer Daniels Midland Co., a major grain and soybean concern that Andreas runs. The ADM deal might bring Strauss as much as $57,000 yearly for, essentially, signing a few papers and dropping in on a few meetings. Strauss professed eagerness to be associated with Andreas, whom he called "one of the best and most creative and progressive food men."

With that exciting bit of news from the world of soybeans, eyes glazed over, notebooks flopped shut, and reports began drifting toward the exits. But a few of us midwesterners remained seated in stunned silence. We'd been following Andreas and his crafty political gamesmanship for years. We knew Andreas had just finished pulling his "most creative" gambit ever—enlisting the aid of Carter's White House and then Congress in getting a rule that hands ADM a temporary monopoly over the gasohol business. The special favor was contingent on a last-minute preelection deal between Andreas and Carter, and could increase ADM sales as much as $750 million by 1983. Strauss was both Andreas's friend and Carter's campaign manager; he must have known about the deal, and probably played a role in its progress. Was his sweetheart offer from ADM some sort of reward, or was it merely a coincidence? I asked him.

Strauss insisted that he had nothing to do with the Carter-ADM deal. What's more, Strauss said, he wasn't even aware that any preferential treatment for ADM had been approved. That too was odd, since the favor takes the form of a tariff that legislates ADM's foreign competitors out of business, and Strauss is, after all, the former U.S. special trade representative.

Before I could ask another question Strauss told me it was nice seeing me again, and was out the door.

Strauss is hardly the first friend Andreas has had in high places, and he won't be the last. Andreas has won (or, shall we say, obtained) many friends while becoming one of the country's most successful financial wizards. ADM is 10 times larger and 25 times more profitable now than when Andreas took it over in 1965 (a $116 million profit on sales of $2.8 billion last year). The company continues to expand; in fact, early in March, it paid $1.2 million to acquire Carter's peanut warehouse.

Andreas has often led his company out on a limb into risky ventures, a courage much to be admired; but then he's pressured Washington into erecting the corporate version of a "safety net" below him. One way or another, the federal taxpayer usually ends up as the source of Andreas's profits. The gasohol gambit shows how.

Back in 1974, when the first oil crisis was in full force, Andreas concluded that it would only

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be a matter of time before the nation turned to synthetic fuels. Since ADM's main business was grain, the production of fuel alcohol seemed a natural growth area. One part fuel alcohol is mixed with nine parts gasoline to make gasohol. So ADM invested $20 million in a fuel alcohol plant.

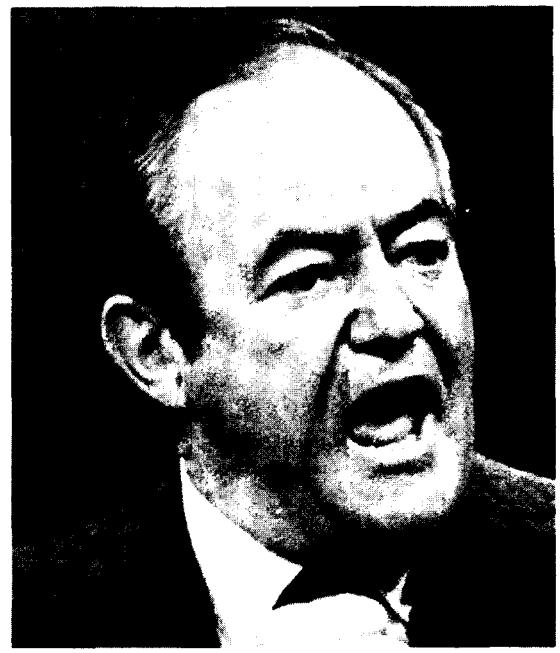
Unfortunately for Andreas and others with the same idea, gasohol had a fatal drawback—it cost more than gasoline, even post-OPEC gasoline. There was no demand for the new plant's product. In 1977, ADM converted the facility to distilling vodka, and joined in the drive to free America from dependence on costly foreign Stolichnaya.

Gasohol was going nowhere. In an effort to stimulate its production and use, Washington began to shower the industry with favors. There was a special 20 percent investment tax credit, a $1 billion program of construction grants and loans, and several indirect subsidies. But none of these measures could overcome the fact that fuel alcohol cost more than gasoline.

During the second oil crisis, in November 1978, Congress passed another gasohol subsidy. This one exempted gasohol producers from the federal excise tax on gasoline. The tax is only four cents a gallon but since one gallon of fuel alcohol caused *ten* gallons of gasohol to be excused from the tax, it was effectively a 40-cents-per-gallon subsidy. With the subsidy gasohol still cost more than gasoline, but only a little more, so gas stations were able to market it by appealing to the patriotism of consumers. Subsidy proponents, led by Senator Bob Dole of Kansas, marketed their idea to Congress in approximately the same way. It's true, they concede, the subsidy makes no short-term economic sense, because the new fuel costs more than the one it replaces. But cost, they said, is not what matters. What matters is escape from the political complications of Middle East oil.

ADM quickly responded to the subsidy by resuming fuel alcohol production. But last July it suspended production again, this time laying the blame on foreign competition. ADM's fuel alcohol was selling for $1.75 a gallon, while Brazilian imports cost $1.62.

Dole immediately proposed a 40-cents-per-gallon tariff on imported fuel alcohol—a tariff that would cancel out the subsidy, making imported alcohol far more expensive than ADM's product. Throughout the summer the House and Senate fought over the idea. Some congressmen complained that a tariff would benefit ADM almost exclusively, since the company controls 75 percent of the gasohol market. Even gasohol proponents like Rep. Berkley Bedell called the tariff proposal "crazy." Backers of the idea maintained that ADM's windfall would be only temporary, because the package of subsidies, grants, tax breaks and exemption from competition would attract numerous new companies into the fuel alcohol business. As often happens in Congress, during the course of the debate the whole purpose of the original program was forgotten. The point of all these subsidies, grants, and handouts, remember, was to create an alternative to Middle Eastern oil. By imposing a prohibitive tariff on Brazilian fuel alcohol, the congress would be shutting off the flow of one of the precious few alternatives.



Hubert Humphrey, whom Dwayne Andreas showered with campaign contributions, considered Andreas a close friend . . .

For a while ADM appeared destined to lose. Anti-tariff forces had the Carter administration on their side. U.S. Trade Representative Reuben Askew and inflation-fighter Alfred Kahn both opposed the tariff; the Treasury Department blasted it and the Justice Department warned it could "significantly reduce competition and adversely affect the price and supply of fuel alcohol." That's when Andreas's creative juices started flowing.

In early October, Andreas met with Carter in the White House to plead his case for the tariff deal. He offered a clincher: ADM was thinking

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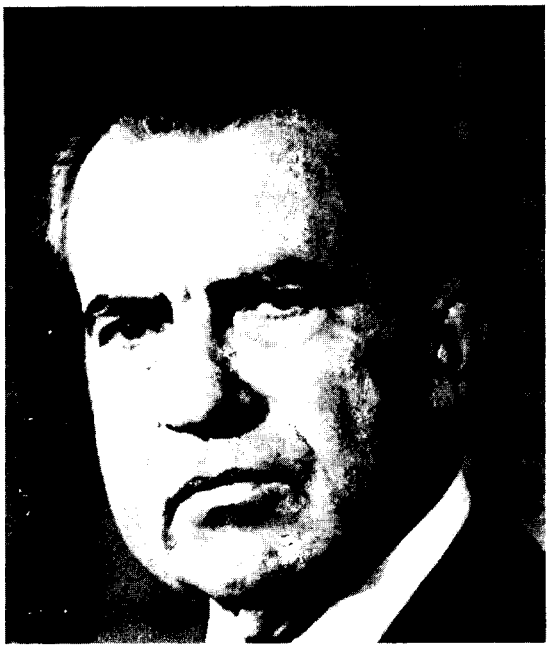

...meanwhile Richard Nixon, the Happy Warrior's arch rival, was also floating on an ocean of Andreas money.

of building a $250 million fuel alcohol plant in Des Moines. Joseph Karth, a former Minnesota congressman and now ADM lobbyist, told me Carter then asked if Andreas would proceed with his construction plan if foreign competition were stopped. Andreas said yes. Carter, at that point trailing only slightly in the polls, hoped the factory would win him the votes of Iowa residents and midwestern farmers in general. Major increases in gasohol production would invariably lead to higher corn prices.

On October 30, while on a campaign trip aboard Air Force One, Carter signed an order instructing Treasury Secretary William Miller to take whatever steps were necessary to make foreign fuel alcohol more expensive. The next day, Andreas announced plans for the plant. Iowa officials and business leaders reacted gleefully to word that Des Moines would soon have "the world's largest" fuel alcohol factory, employing 100 workers and consuming 70 million to 80 million bushels of corn annually.

The battle, however, wasn't quite over yet. After Carter lost, the Treasury Department began to drag its feet on the lame-duck order. Andreas feared Reagan would take office before the horses were safely in the barn. So he returned to Congress for relief. Karth and his partner, Robert Best, began working to soften up opposition to the tariff on the Ways and Means Committee, of which Karth was a former member. Al Ullman, also a lame duck but still the committee's chairman, loomed as a key figure in the skirmish. Ullman wasn't wild about the tariff idea, but he concluded that some sort of compromise had to be struck if the budget reconciliation bill, which still contained Dole's rider, was ever to be passed.

At a House-Senate conference committee meeting, the ADM deal was diluted somewhat. It was decided the tariff would be phased in over a three-year period. Instead of backing an armored truck up to ADM's door, the Treasury would send it a series of bonus payments, each a little fatter than the one before. On December 3 the measure was voted into law.

Tithes That Bind

While other companies—particularly in the energy field—have also been skillful at making preferential laws and regulations a key part of their marketing plans, Andreas may lead the pack in a second aspect of modern government relations, that of timely campaign contributions.

Andreas has littered the political landscape with campaign contributions, giving money to candidates with a wide variety of philosophies, and often hedging his bets by giving to both sides in a race. Last fall, while ADM pledged $5,000 (the legal maximum) to the Carter campaign, run by Andreas's close personal friend Bob Strauss, it also gave $2,000 to Ronald Reagan. Andreas and members of his family gave $11,000 to the 1980 presidential and then senatorial campaigns of Bob Dole, leading to charges that there was something less than kosher about the blazing speed with which Dole responded to ADM's demand for a bailout. But by far the greatest beneficiary of ADM funding was Hubert Humphrey.

Humphrey and Andreas met in Minneapolis in the mid-1940s, and it was the beginning of an extraordinary personal and financial relationship. Humphrey once wrote that Andreas was "the one man of wealth who had been closer to me and more generous than any other in my life." Andreas not only helped bankroll Humphrey's political ventures, but built the Happy Warrior's personal assets into a small fortune. During his term as vice-president, Humphrey placed all his assets in a blind trust and appointed Andreas trustee. Handing over his money to Andreas was a smart move—one Humphrey apparently should have made whether he'd been required to or not. Humphrey's net worth soared under Andreas's skillful

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control. A substantial portion of Humphrey's portfolio later proved to be ADM stock.

It was Andreas who, in 1964, first introduced Humphrey to big business leaders. Just as Richard Nixon had prepared for his 1968 comeback by becoming a New York corporate lawyer and forging ties to big business, Humphrey the populist knew he had to broaden his political base to convince Lyndon Johnson he would make a good running mate. Andreas saw to that. Four years later, on election eve 1968, Humphrey and his wife Muriel waited out the unhappy election returns at Andreas's Excelsior, Minnesota, home.

Andreas gave or "loaned" $100,000 to Humphrey's 1968 campaign. In 1972 he gave another $85,000 to Humphrey's second try. But he also pumped about $200,000 into the reelection campaign of Richard Nixon, Humphrey's arch rival. An Andreas check for $25,000 wound up in the Miami bank account of Bernard Barker, one of the seven men convicted of the Watergate break-in. Andreas had tried to keep the contribution secret by making it before April 7, 1972, the effective date of the campaign disclosure law, Maurice Stans later testified.

Andreas also got into hot water over the $100,000 "loan" to the Minnesota senator. Watergate prosecutor Archibald Cox charged him with illegal shifting of funds from a family-owned corporation to the campaign committee. Charges against Andreas were dismissed in 1974, however, by a Minnesota federal district judge who had close personal ties to Humphrey.

Asked the reasons for his generosity, Andreas once explained that he is a devout Mennonite. As part of his religious training, he said, he was taught to "tithe" his income—give ten percent to worthy causes. "That includes politics," Andreas noted.

Food for Profits

Andreas, 62, is a dapper, trim man with a year-round Florida tan. A native of Lisbon, Iowa, where his family ran a farm and grain elevator, he affects a cosmopolitan air born of years of worldwide travel. *Wall Street Journal* reporter Sue Shellenbarger has written that "he spends some 60 percent of his time jetting around the world, trying to open markets in China or Africa, pressing company causes in Washington." He is an avid golfer, and has been known to pick up and fly to Scotland simply to try a new course.

He was a wunderkind in grain and milling right from the start. He helped expand the family business into three Iowa feed plants, and made his first million at age 27. Then the business was sold to Cargill Inc., the Minneapolis grain-marketing giant, and Andreas signed on with that company. He quickly rose to a Cargill vice-presidency.

Bob Dole, a conservative Republican, was the beneficiary of generous Andreas contributions, and didn't forget it....

Along with his brother Lowell, Andreas bought a soybean processing plant in Mankato, Minnesota, and left Cargill. The soybean operation soon became the largest of its kind in the world. In 1960 he sold it to the Farmers Union Grain Terminal Association, a St. Paul cooperative, and once again threw himself in as part of the package. For the next six years he ran the association. During that period he consolidated his family's sizable assets into a company called First Interoceanic Corp., which, among other things, controlled First National City Bank of Minneapolis. Andreas laid the foundation for a takeover of ADM in 1965, purchasing ten percent of its stock for a reported $4.5 million.

At that time, ADM was a lackluster, money-losing oil-seed and chemical venture. Andreas's takeover plan was not hostile; in fact, the two families controlling ADM welcomed him aboard. The day after he was appointed to the company's board of directors, ADM's stock rose $1.75 a share.

Andreas quickly sold off the chemical division

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...meanwhile Bob Strauss got election-time help from Andreas for his boss, a liberal Democrat, and later a rather desirable position for himself.

to raise capital, then thrust ADM into the corn-milling and barley malt businesses. He bought a fleet of barges and railway cars to handle the company's rapidly growing shipments. He moved ADM's headquarters from Minneapolis to Decatur, Illinois, to cut overhead costs. Gradually ADM developed the capacity to purchase, store, ship, process and market most foodstocks. The company became one of the largest exporters of grain and flour.

Yet for all his wealth and influence, Andreas personally is the antithesis of the overbearing capitalist. "He's a guy of wealth who doesn't have to splash it," said a former Humphrey aide. "He's not a guy to insist on his own importance. He's relaxed and softspoken. Dwayne never had to ask Humphrey, 'Will you do this for me?' He had a thousand other ways."

While his reputation swelled in financial and political circles, Andreas kept a low personal profile—something he still does today. One of his first acts after assuming control of ADM was to close the company's public relations office. His general reputation as a man of discretion in personal matters helped him win the friendship of other wealthy men, including Nelson Rockefeller and the reclusive billionaire Daniel Ludwig.

One of Andreas's master strokes of corporate growth was to capitalize on a 1968 amendment to the Food for Peace Program—Humphrey's pet project—which created a demand for special soy-fortified foods ADM had helped pioneer. Until then, Food for Peace primarily shipped bulk U.S. grain to poor nations. But Johnson and Humphrey were interested in providing especially nutritious foods to the starving and disaster victims. Andreas and his staff helped perfect this admirable idea, working closely with the Agency for International Development, which administered the program and wrote the specifications for Department of Agriculture purchases of the necessary food. Gradually, the government became almost totally dependent on three milling companies—ADM, Krause Milling Co., and Lauhoff Grain Co.—for the soy-fortified sorghum grits, corn soy milk, and other strangely named commodities used in the program.

In addition to working closely with AID, however, Andreas also began to work closely with his "competitors." In 1970, executives of Krause Milling and Lauhoff Grain met at a Chicago restaurant to devise a price-fixing scheme to milk the Food for Peace program. In 1974, ADM joined that conspiracy; the three companies regularly conferred with each other by telephone before submitting bids on Food for Peace supply contracts, Justice Department records show.

During the course of the conspiracy the three firms overcharged the government $19 million on sales totaling $313 million. In 1978 ADM pleaded no contest—a plea that is an admission of guilt in every sense but the official legal sense—to price-fixing, and paid $200,000 in criminal fines. ADM paid another $225,000 in fines in a civil suit but managed to avoid having to return its share of the $10 million—money that was stolen either from the taxpayers or the starving poor, depending on which devout Mennonite perspective you prefer.

USDA officials say that during the period of the overcharges they had no choice but to continue doing business with ADM, Krause Milling, and Lauhoff Grain. The three conspirators had been so successful they had kept other companies from entering the field. But when ADM finally made its no-contest plea to the charges, irate USDA officials moved to punish the company by barring it from bidding on government contracts for 45 days. The company howled. This suspension would have kept ADM from participating in a huge sale of flour to Egypt, Sri Lanka, and several other countries that had recently qualified for Food for Peace

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benefits. ADM estimated it would lose $100 million worth of business. ADM sued, claiming it had a "right" of access to government contracts. It has been allowed to continue bidding on Food for Peace contracts while the appeals drag on, and recently won a favorable ruling from a departmental hearing officer on a technical point. The ruling probably will assure that ADM never loses a day's business with the government.

In all, the price-fixing admission has done no more damage to ADM than another little scandal in the mid-1970s, when FBI agents caught the company shortweighting and misgrading federally subsidized grain shipments to foreign countries. Again, ADM pleaded no contest and its shipments continued uninterrupted.

A Sweet Deal

ADM is also in the sweetener business. In 1975, when the price of sugar was skyrocketing, Andreas figured there would be big profits in a competing product—the corn-based sweetener called fructose. But Andreas seriously miscalculated. Just as ADM was opening new fructose production facilities, the bottom fell out of the sugar market. Demand for the more-expensive fructose fell drastically. Faced with losses and an idle fructose plant, Andreas turned to Humphrey.

Humphrey was an influential member of the Senate Agriculture Committee, and painfully aware of the problems posed by the meddlesome free-market behavior of the sugar industry. A cooperative of sugar-beet growers in western Minnesota had invested heavily in expansion, and faced bankruptcy without a bailout.

The White House and Congress seemed to agree that something should be done to neutralize market forces in the sugar business, but they couldn't make up their minds as to what. Most proposals involved some kind of subsidy to sugar producers. As the summer of 1977 wore on, Andreas began urging Humphrey and his administrative assistant, David Gartner, to back a plan that would benefit the fructose industry as well as the sugar industry—with consumers the only losers. Under the plan, the government would artificially boost the price of domestic sugar. As sugar prices rose and sugar producers made higher profits, demand would increase for fructose as an alternative to the artificially expensive sugar.

Humphrey and Gartner became enthusiastic about the idea. Late that summer they hammered out a bill to establish a government-guaranteed sugar floor price. The price of imported sugar was also boosted with fees and duties, further inflating domestic prices. Fructose began to sell, and Andreas's "risk-taking" had paid off again.

Speaking of paying off, it was later revealed that between 1975 and 1977, Andreas and members of his family had given "gifts" of $72,000 worth of ADM stock to Gartner, who converted the stock to cash. The "gifts," Andreas said, were for the education of Gartner's four children. Andreas said the "gifts" had "no quid pro quo implications." Why he had taken such a personal interest in the educational requirements of Gartner's children wasn't, then, entirely clear. Maybe Gartner qualified as a "worthy cause." Maybe Andreas worried that, what with Gartner's $50,000 salary as Humphrey's aide, his children could never get scholarship assistance.

At any rate, word of the gifts got out in May 1978, when Gartner was appointed to the Commodity Futures Trading Commission. CFTC regulates the grain markets that are so important to ADM's business. Carter and Walter Mondale both tried to force Gartner to resign over this clear case of impropriety, but he refused. His benefactor claims surprise. "I never dreamed he'd get that kind of job," Andreas said. The money was not returned.

For Andreas, it's all part of the game, a game at which he is very good. The old-time entrepreneur succeeded by creating products and making factories efficient; the new corporate socialist entrepreneur succeeds by creating government regulations. Some businessmen still worry over the proliferation of regulations, which, no one can disagree, often harass industry needlessly and disrupt markets without good reason. But Andreas doesn't wring his hands. He's learned how to stop worrying and love big government.

And oh yes—remember the "world's largest gasohol plant" in Des Moines, which Andreas promised would help free us from foreign oil if only government would grant him a special windfall? Well, his company no longer seems to be in a hurry to build it. ADM vice-president Edward Nissen says only there is a "better than 50-50 chance" the plant will be built—someday. Andreas recently explained the problem. He said he wouldn't begin construction until the Reagan administration has also guaranteed the gasohol market. ■

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Memo of the Month

(From the computerized letter file of
Senator Dale Bumpers.)

```
ITEM #:     1 ( )
    late apology; fi subj; genrl

     TOP/SUBTOP (1): opening/sorry fi
     TYPE OF DOC.:  opening
     CREATE DATE:  NOV-21-79
     UPDATE DATE:  NOV-21-79
     AIDE:  MP

Thank you for contacting me and for giving me your views on
$$subject of letter(.)$$ It is helpful to me to have the benefit
of your thinking, and I hope you will accept my apologies for my
late reply.

---------------------------------------------------------------

ITEM #:     2 ( )
    late apology to friend; put aside and pers; ltr

     TOP/SUBTOP (1): opening/sorry informal
     TYPE OF DOC.:  opening
     CREATE DATE:  NOV-21-79
     UPDATE DATE:  NOV-21-79
     AIDE:  MP

It was good to hear from you, and I hope you'll accept my
apologies for my delay in getting back to you.  I had put your
letter aside to answer personally and time simply got away from
me.

---------------------------------------------------------------

ITEM #:     3 ( )
    late apol; put aside to ans pers; fi subj; ltr

     TOP/SUBTOP (1): opening/sorry fi
     TYPE OF DOC.:  opening
     CREATE DATE:  NOV-21-79
     UPDATE DATE:  NOV-21-79
     AIDE:  MP

Please accept my apologies for my late response to your letter
regarding $$subject of letter.$$ I had put your letter aside to
answer personally when I was able to give it the time and
attention it deserved, and I was distressed when I realized you
were still waiting for an answer.
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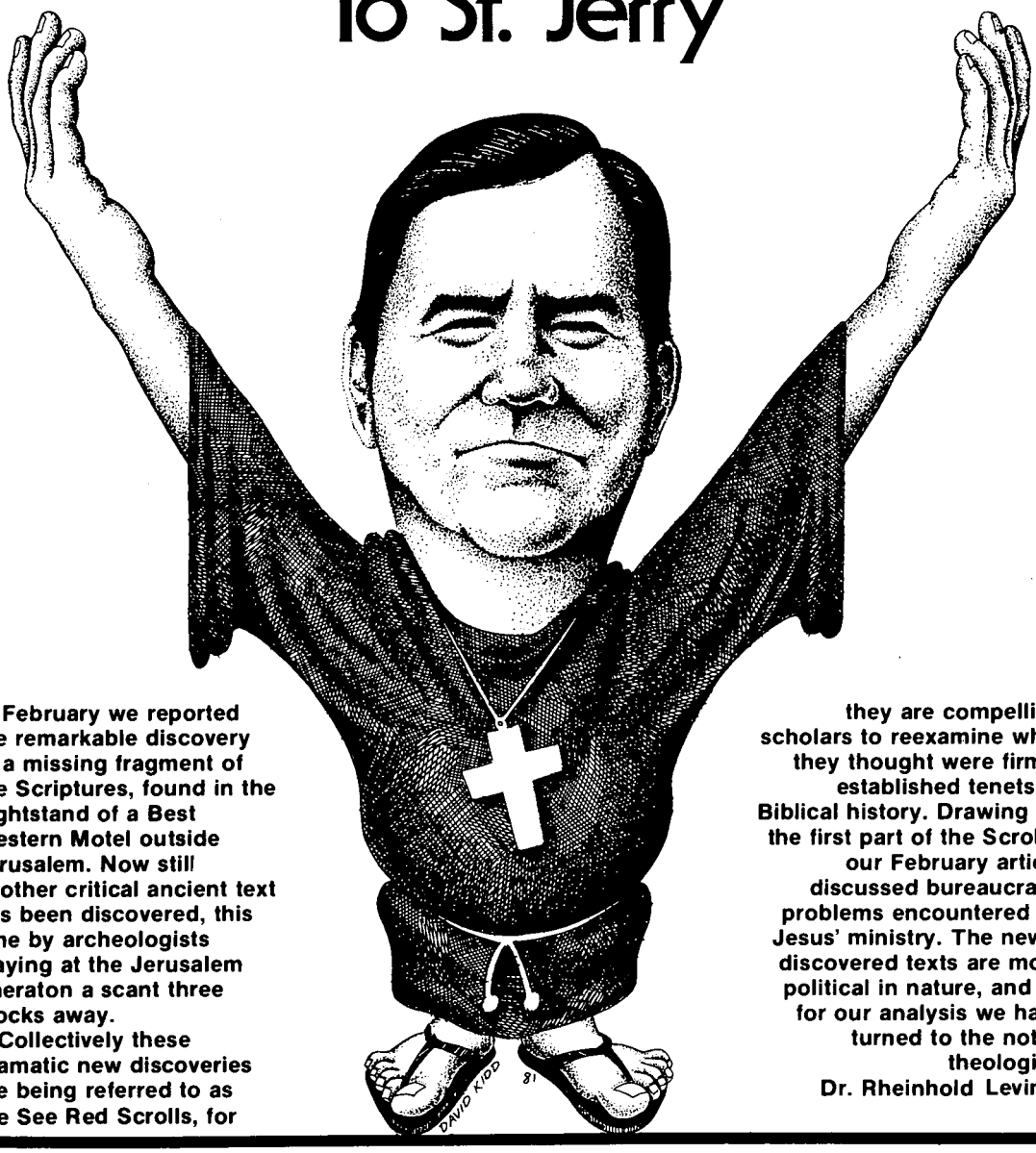
by Dr. Rheinhold Levine

The Gospel According To St. Jerry



In February we reported the remarkable discovery of a missing fragment of the Scriptures, found in the nightstand of a Best Western Motel outside Jerusalem. Now still another critical ancient text has been discovered, this time by archeologists staying at the Jerusalem Sheraton a scant three blocks away.

Collectively these dramatic new discoveries are being referred to as the See Red Scrolls, for they are compelling scholars to reexamine what they thought were firmly established tenets of Biblical history. Drawing on the first part of the Scrolls, our February article discussed bureaucratic problems encountered by Jesus' ministry. The newly discovered texts are more political in nature, and so for our analysis we have turned to the noted theologian Dr. Rheinhold Levine.

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In recent months, those of us in the "New Christian Right" have been accused of distorting the message of Christ and of using the Bible improperly to support our secular conservative views. To some critics, there appears to be no foundation for Christian "report cards" showing legislators' votes on SALT II, defense spending, the ERA, and other issues.

We know how unfounded these criticisms are, and we pray daily that those who scorn us will see the error of their ways and accept Jesus Christ as their personal savior.

The Christ of ancient Israel is indeed relevant to any age, including our own, and today He would be equally at home in the boardrooms of modern corporations or at a nuclear power plant. His condemnation of premarital sex, drugs, drinking, and loud music is clear and unwavering.

The conservative theological premise is considerably strengthened by the recent discovery in Israel of the most complete, accurate account of Christ's life: the Gospel According to Jerry. Written by the little-known Thirteenth Apostle, Jerry of Judea, his Gospel predates the versions written by Mark, Matthew, Luke, and John in the latter half of the first century A.D. This definitive Gospel appeared in a Jerusalem magazine around a month after Christ's death, according to a painstaking carbon-dating process conducted by impartial scientists. In political terms, it supplies definitive Biblical support for our conservative positions and underscores the weakness of arguments advanced by the Reverends Daniel Berrigan, William Sloane Coffin, and others of that ilk.

Let's take a look:

One of Christ's primary concerns, St. Jerry reveals, was wasteful government spending on unnecessary domestic programs. He was especially vehement in His opposition to national health insurance—known as "Roman alms for the sick" in His day—and other forms of government extravagance. He understood that government has no business spending hard-earned tax dollars on functions best handled by private enterprise. In His famous exchange with the Pharisees on stimulating marginal income growth, He said, "Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, and keep the rest for thyself." (Jerry 22:15) This attitude is reflected in His own quite profitable work as a healer. Here is a typical example:

"And when Jesus departed from Galilee, two blind men followed Him, crying, and saying, Thou son of David, have mercy on us. And when He was come into the house, the blind men came to Him; and Jesus said unto them, Have ye sufficient payment that I am able to do this? They said unto Him, Yea, Lord. Then touched He their eyes, saying, According to your income be it unto you. And their eyes were opened; and Jesus straitly charged them, saying, I am the greatest person who ever walked the face of the earth, and you shall tell all the world of the miracles I have done. I am the Messiah, and only he that giveth me his wealth shall enter the kingdom of heaven. And when they were departed they spread abroad His fame in all that country." (Jerry 9:27-31)

At the same time, Jesus knew that it was God's will that some unlucky people would not have money to pay for His services, or, indeed, be able to buy any of the necessities of life. He understood, of course, that only by pulling themselves up by their bootstraps might they have a chance to earn money and hence know God's blessings. As a compassionate person, He offered them the greatest gift God has to offer: the right to work. In His travels around Israel, He told the poor: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you the minimum required by law. Take my yoke upon you, and you shall have food to eat and a place to rest." (Jerry 11:28-29) To some scholars, this section indicates that Jesus originated the first system of migrant serfdom. Today executives of American agribusinesses and their devout migrant employees both have been inspired by this well-known passage.

Christ also supplied clear guidelines on how much the government and the individual are obliged to do to help the poor. As Jesus once told His disciples, "For ye have the poor always with you, and ye need not trouble yourselves about them. Each man hath worries enough of his own; burden yourself not with the worries of others." (Jerry 8:26-27) Jesus demonstrated His impatience with government welfare programs when He entered the holy temple in Jerusalem and found Roman social workers giving out the

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taxpayers' money to beggars. It is one of the Bible's most dramatic moments: "And when He had made a scourge of small cords, He drove them all out of the temple; and poured out the bureaucrats' money and file folders; and overthrew the desks; and eliminated several of their agencies. And said unto them that remained, Take these things hence; make not my Father's house a house of welfare." (Jerry 2:14-16)

Christ, of course, not only taught by example, but by the parables He told. Great thinkers from Machiavelli to Robert Ringer have been influenced by the famous parable of the Smart Samaritan. In that tale, the Samaritan, upon seeing a wounded traveler, stopped by the side of the road to sell him the ointments and bandages he needed before continuing on. "Go thou, and do likewise," Jesus instructed His listeners. (Jerry 10:30-37) Clearly, many of us have heeded this message.

> As Jesus said, "Think not that I am come to bring peace on earth. I come to bring strategic superiority."

But Jesus inspired in other ways, too. At revival meetings throughout Israel, Jesus attracted an ever-growing following because of His miraculous gifts. By the second year of His "Jesus Saves" ministry, He had already walked on water, raised Lazarus from the dead and cured hundreds. Wherever He went, beggars and cripples followed Him. As a shrewd businessman, Jesus decided to use His remarkable powers to set up what was perhaps the first franchise system, now a mainstay of American business. As the Bible says, "And when He had called unto Him the thirteen disciples, He gave them power against unclean spirits, to cast them out, and to heal all manner of sickness and all manner of disease. And they tithed unto Him ten percent of their earnings." (Jerry 10:1)

As the Reverend Jerry Falwell observed recently, "Material wealth is God's way of blessing people who put Him first." Jesus couldn't agree more, as shown by His response to a righteous but poor man who sought to be a disciple:

"And, behold, one came and said unto Him, Good Master, what good thing shall I do, that I may have eternal life? And Jesus said unto him, If thou wilt be perfect, go and invest what thou hast in gold and silver, and grow rich. Thou shalt have treasure in heaven and on earth; and come and follow me. But when the young man heard that saying, he went away sorrowful; for he had no possessions.

"Then said Jesus to His disciples, Verily I say unto you, that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a poor man to enter into the kingdom of God." (Jerry 19:16-20)

Jesus was equally intolerant of sinners, a fact today's permissive theologians attempt to downplay. The Bible is unequivocal on this subject: "They who shall sell pornography, or smoke marijuana, or perform abortions shall be in danger of hell fire." (Jerry 25:31) More importantly, Jesus sought to enforce moral law by urging His followers to keep a vigilant eye on the sins of others. Christians, then, have always assumed the God-given role of "policemen" of Christ's moral laws. We draw our authority from heaven, not Supreme Court decisions, and we don't need a search warrant to seize evidence of the immoral behavior of teenagers who listen to suggestive rock-and-roll, college students who smoke marijuana, or mothers who work. "Judge others in my name," Jesus told us, "and great shall be thy reward in heaven and on earth." (Jerry 7:2)

Jesus demonstrated a no-nonsense approach to sin when confronted with an adulteress, who was about to be stoned by outraged citizens. As the Bible notes, "Jesus lifted Himself up, and hurled a stone at the woman. He said unto the crowd of men, He that is not an adulteress, let him cast the first stone at her." (Jerry 8:3-7)

Jesus was just as outraged by those who exposed innocent children to unwholesome reading material. "Who shall offend one of these little ones with a book, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea," He told a press conference in Capernaum. (Jerry 14:15) But Jesus didn't stop with condemning un-Godly literature. As the Bible recounts, "Jesus went forth and gathered together all the evil books of the town, and heaped them up like kindling wood. And He commanded the multitude to set the books aflame, and they did burn

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them until not a page remained." (Jerry 14:16-20)

On other controversial issues, the message of Christ is equally straightforward. Let's take the sensitive question of anti-Semitism. There was a good deal of protest recently when the Reverend Dr. Bailey Smith, president of the Southern Baptist Convention, told a rally, "God Almighty does not hear the prayer of a Jew, for how in the world can God hear the prayer of a man who says that Jesus Christ is not the true Messiah? That is blasphemy." As a result, a lot of people assumed that evangelical Christians are anti-Semitic. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Even though we are Christians, we have many close friends among those of the Hebrew persuasion, and, moreover, we are staunch supporters of Israel. As freedom-loving Americans, we believe that every person has the right to worship as he pleases, no matter how silly it may seem to the rest of us.

"Blessed are the poor, for someone must do the manual labor."

It is now clear that, by rejecting Christ as their Messiah, the Jewish people triggered the unfortunate series of events that led to pogroms and Nazi persecutions many centuries later. As Jesus predicted, "Then shall they deliver you up to be afflicted in my name's sake, and your children shall be skinny and be picked on in schoolyards for two thousand years." (Jerry 24:9) Today, thankfully, such persecution and prejudice have faded from the national scene, and even the most devout Christian can admire the contributions of Jewish writers, comedians, and bankers to American life. We've grown accustomed to their big noses and pushy manners, and we appreciate the ethnic spice they add to the great melting-pot that's called America. Yet the stark facts of theology remain, and we would be failing in our mission if we did not constantly point them out to our Jewish friends: Jesus has said, "No man comes to the Father unless he is a member of a recognized Protestant denomination." (Jerry 3:18)

Our support for a strong national defense is also well documented in the Bible. Over the years, permissive theologians have attempted to shape Jesus in their own image, painting Him as some kind of hippie pacifist, and an advocate of unilateral disarmament. But Jesus himself rebutted that wrong-headed notion. "Think not that I am come to bring peace on earth. I come not to bring peace, but strategic superiority." (Jerry 10:7) If *that's* not an obvious call for scrapping the SALT II treaty and endorsing the racetrack basing mode for the MX, then what is?

Finally, I conclude our case for Biblical authority by looking at the recently revealed true text of the Sermon on the Mount. There Jesus crystallized for all time the ethical and political precepts by which mankind, and also unmarried women, should live. As evangelical Christians, we have no higher calling than to remind the nation of these ancient truths. And so I close by taking a moment to recite the highlights of His great teachings:

Blessed are the poor, for someone must do the manual labor.

Blessed are the peacemakers, for you always need scapegoats.

Blessed are the merciful, for they make lenient judges in tax courts.

Blessed are the righteous, for they refuse to believe what we really do with the contributions.

You are the salt of the earth, and if someone wants to put chemical additives in you, what business is it of the government's?

You are the light of the world, and lights run best on nuclear power. Glow in the dark, to glorify your Father who is in heaven.

You have heard that it was said to the men of old, "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." I say unto you, whosoever shall smite you on the right cheek, you shall engage in massive retaliation against his population centers.

Beware of practicing your piety before men, unless you are running for office or raising money to name a college after yourself. When you pray, you must not be like the hypocrites who pray on streetcorners in order to be seen. Enter into thy television studio, and when you see the red light that is above the camera as your Father is above in heaven, pray slowly and distinctly. Make eye contact, and great will be thy reward. ■

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HOW HUNTER THOMPSON KILLED NEW JOURNALISM

The Doctor is Out

by Joseph Nocera

Back in the early 1970s, when the "counter-culture" was still fashionable and flourishing, a friend of mine spent a summer as a gopher at *The New Yorker*. It was not a particularly memorable experience, but he did come away with one story that made it all worthwhile. It seems that a *New Yorker* editor decided the magazine should assign an article to one of the New Journalists then tearing up the magazine world. The writer he wanted was the hottest New Journalist of them all: the inimitable Hunter S. Thompson, self-proclaimed Doctor of Gonzo, who at the time was writing about politics for *Rolling Stone*.

The problem was that this editor didn't know how to approach Thompson. It was decided that since my friend was one of the few people in the office who was still in college and could pass for a hippie, he should be the initial emissary to Thompson. My friend, like most of his contemporaries a great fan of Thompson, jumped at the assignment. He was excited about meeting "the good doctor" in person and also curious about whether Thompson was as bizarre in real life as he made himself out to be in his writing.

My friend was not disappointed; when they met two weeks later, Thompson seemed to go out of his way to live up to his advance billing. The agreed-upon meeting place was a sleazy, out-of-the-way, all-night bar that Thompson insisted was the only place in New York where he could "transact serious business." The agreed-upon time was well into the night. In keeping with his image, Thompson showed up several hours late, stumbling into the bar around midnight. He obviously had had plenty to drink already. When my friend introduced himself, Thompson immediately demanded that *The New Yorker* front the money for a pitcher of beer and a bottle of Wild Turkey before "the negotiations begin," as he put it. Then they sat at a small corner table and got down to business. . . .

. . . In a manner of speaking. The two proceeded to drink themselves silly until the wee hours of the morning, Thompson all the while carrying on a long, rambling monologue having to do, more or less, with the "greedheads" who ran *The New Yorker*. Every so often, Thompson would interrupt himself long enough to throw his head back and laugh uproariously at the lunacy of it all. Imagine, *The New Yorker* was interested in Hunter Thompson! Even though they had sent the lowest man on their editorial totem pole to meet him, it was still something to marvel at.

"But kid," he kept repeating, "what could I write for them? What could I possibly write that they would print?" To this my friend had been instructed to tell Thompson that he could write anything he wanted to—up to a point, of course. This answer, however, only provoked more

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paroxysms of laughter from Thompson, who was wildly amused at the crazy, improbable notion that *The New Yorker* would publish one of his venomous, stream-of-consciousness "screeds" (as he liked to call his pieces).

Needless to say, nothing ever came of that night, except that my friend ended up with a killer hangover and an "I-Got-Drunk-with-Hunter-Thompson" story he's been retelling ever since. Try to imagine, for example, the next step in the magazine's pursuit of the doctor: Thompson lunching with that very soul of civility, William Shawn. Now there's an event one would want to record for posterity. Or try to picture *The New Yorker*'s vaunted fact-checking department going through one of Thompson's semi-factual, semi-hallucinogenic screeds, trying to confirm, for instance, whether Richard Nixon's profile most closely resembled the jaws of an iguana, the posterior of a tree sloth, or the thorax of a radiation-mutated Tyrannosaurus Rex.

There is another, less comic reason why the match of Thompson and *The New Yorker* seems so strikingly perverse. For all its flaws, *The New Yorker,* in its journalism at least, usually has managed to avoid being a prisoner of whatever happens to be the fashion of the day. It allowed passing fads, well, to pass. Thompson, on the other hand, was purely a creature of the fashion of his day.

The Road to Gonzo

The heady times for Thompson began in 1970 with the publication of an article on the Kentucky Derby in *Scanlon's,* a short-lived magazine of highbrow counterculturalism. (Prior to that, he had simply been plain old Hunter S. Thompson, a good albeit unspectacular free-lance journalist writing mostly for the weekly newspaper *National Observer*). What gave the piece its Gonzo quotient—as Thompson would later define the term—was that it focused not on the Derby but on the madcap antics of Thompson and Ralph Steadman, a British illustrator who had come to Louisville to do some sketches for the article. This was hardly the traditional journalistic approach, but the writing was very funny—and because of that, the piece was widely noticed. Thompson, knowing a good thing when he saw one, followed it up with more articles just like it. Most of them were published in *Rolling Stone.*

By the end of 1971, the Thompson legend was set in stone with the publication of his best book, *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas,* which again dealt less with Las Vegas than with the hilarious drug-inspired escapades of our hero and a faithful sidekick. After that, Thompson turned his attention to politics, covering the 1972 presidential campaign for *Rolling Stone* (which culminated in another book, *Fear and Loathing on the Campaign Trail*), and finally writing pieces on the general subject of Watergate and Nixon's fall. He had a huge cult following on college campuses and among other kindred spirits on the left. He was being praised in establishment organs like *The New York Times,* being quoted in *Newsweek* (by Stewart Alsop, of all people), and hauling down commissions from the likes of *Playboy* and *Esquire.* He was very, very hot.

But after Nixon's resignation, the steam seemed to go out of Thompson. By 1975 his articles were coming less and less frequently, and there were two notorious occasions when he ran up enormous expenses and then failed to produce a single page of copy. After a series of disputes with *Rolling Stone*'s editor, he pretty much stopped writing altogether (although his name meant so much to the magazine's readership that it stayed on the masthead, where it remains to this day). Thompson had, it was rumored, retired to his home in Aspen with a terminal case of writer's block, content to play with his Dobermans and take target practice with his .357 magnum, or whatever it was he was supposed to do to indulge himself. He crops up indirectly as the Uncle Duke character in Doonesbury. Otherwise Dr. Thompson has fallen silent.

Until recently, that is. These thoughts on the life and times of Hunter Thompson are prompted by the publication of two books. One of them—*Gone Crazy and Back Again,* by Robert Sam Anson—came out a few months ago. It tells the "inside story" of the dizzying rise of *Rolling Stone*, and a good chunk of Anson's story is devoted to Hunter Thompson. The other book is *The Great Shark Hunt*, a Thompson retrospective published late in 1979. It is a weighty volume—some 600 pages long, containing 46 Thompson articles (each one, the publisher assures us, "chosen by Dr. Thompson himself") and a strange bibliography that lists not only everything he ever wrote, but also everything ever written *about him.*

When I first picked up this book, I thought it would be loads of fun to read. I too had been a big Thompson fan when I attended college in the early 1970s. I figured it would be great to reminisce about the good old days—to wallow in

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Watergate or recall the valiant but doomed McGovern campaign. By the time I finished the book the thing I was wallowing in was embarrassment. Articles I had once thought brilliant and funny now struck me as irrelevant and silly. The writing itself seemed pedestrian, the points tortured. What I found embarrassing, of course, was the realization that I had been such a hard-core fan.

College students are especially susceptible to writers who project an unusual and compelling vision of the world. Those who have a weakness for stratospheric superheros fall for Ayn Rand; those who dream of mystic sensual pleasures may go under the spell of Hermann Hesse. My weakness was for American Madness, so I fell for Thompson.

Writers who claim the world is significantly different from what we observe often turn out, in the end, to be crackpots. Maybe I should have sensed that about Thompson, but I didn't. Lots of other people fell for Thompson, too, people older and less impressionable than I. Garry Wills, for one, said *Fear and Loathing on the Campaign Trail* was "the best book" written about the 1972 campaign. During the campaign itself Thompson's pieces were immensely popular among the other reporters covering McGovern, who often had the home office telecopy them as soon as *Rolling Stone* hit the stands in New York and Washington. According to Anson, even McGovern himself told Thompson his pieces were "brilliant." A conventional wisdom built up around that book, according to which Thompson was the only reporter who had ever *really* been able to describe what it was like to be on the campaign trail.

Can it really be that the work of someone so universally praised such a short time ago can seem so thin and insubstantial today? If you doubt my assessment—if you think I'm being overly harsh to make up for once having been so uncritical—do just what I've done. Reread his stuff. The experience, as we used to say, is a bummer.

Throwing a Writer's Block

The way Anson describes it, Thompson's discovery of the Gonzo style that made him famous had more to do with desperation than design. As he sat down to write the Derby story he found that he couldn't; he had a case of writer's block he simply couldn't shake.

"Encamped in a strange New York hotel," Anson writes, "Thompson reposed for hours in his bathtub, guzzling White Horse scotch from the bottle, convinced that his writing career was at an end. . . . After three days of anxious, drunken stupor, Thompson decided that something, *anything,* had to be sent in. Ferociously, he ripped the pages out of his notebook, and began feeding them into the telecopier. He then collapsed in front of the television, waiting for the worst. Instead, *Scanlon's* New York editor wanted more. Thompson, incredulous, phoned [*Scanlon's* editor Warren] Hinckle only to find him chortling over how wonderful Thompson's 'story' was. With that Thompson proceeded to send in the rest of the notebook, page after crazed page. . . . *Scanlon's* wound up printing his notebook word for word." Anson maintains that Thompson remained depressed for days about having produced the article "in the foulest and cheapest way," as he put it. But when he saw the critical reaction he cheered up considerably. He knew he had struck gold.

This story bears a haunting resemblance to the Great Night of Discovery of another New Journalist, Tom Wolfe. Blocked writer, up against impending deadline, surrenders all hope of ever writing coherent article, types notes, sends them to magazine, magazine prints them untouched . . . and the fans go wild! There is a key difference between the two men, though. When Wolfe wrote his first New Journalism piece in *Esquire,* he created a style whose main purpose was to aid expression. The main purpose of Thompson's style, on the other hand, was to give its creator a persona.

I won't deny that this persona has charm. In *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*, by far the best sustained writing he ever did, the appeal of the book is linked directly to Thompson's ability to make his own character appealing. The problem with Thompson's persona is that as a literary vehicle it is extremely limiting. It worked well in the Las Vegas book, but Thompson probably should have dropped it right there. Unlike Wolfe, the more Thompson relied on his new voice, the less he was liberated by it. If all his work was going to center on his exaggerated vision of himself, then he had to constantly be doing interesting or amusing things. But as a reporter Thompson simply doesn't do much that is particularly interesting. He is lazy, to begin with. We read about him reading newspapers, watching television, hanging around, and then as deadline approaches, dropping some speed, turning up the stereo, and staring at a blank piece of paper until 6 a.m. In both *Fear and Loathing on the Campaign Trail* and *The Great*

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Shark Hunt, this sequence is repeated over and over again. It quickly wears thin.

Because Thompson himself spends so much time on center stage, there is very little space left over for those other, lesser characters—minor ones like George McGovern. If you go to Thompson's books and articles looking for any sort of understanding of the events he was "covering," you're bound to come away disappointed. There is no attempt, for instance, to illuminate the character of George McGovern in any of the campaign pieces, even though Thompson spent 90 percent of his time "on the campaign trail" following McGovern. Nowhere in the book can you find an examination—even a superficial one—of the meaning of the country's problems. ("Ideas? Specifics? Programs? Etc.?" he writes at one point. "Well . . . that would take a lot of time and space I don't have now. . . . ") Most surprising of all, there isn't all that much about the campaigning itself, very few "insider" anecdotes.

Men's Room Humor

To compensate for his lack of material, Thompson would throw in anything that popped into his head (sample: "Vehicle...vehicle...vehicle—a very strange looking word, if you stare at it for eight or nine minutes...'Skulking' is another interesting word. And so much for that.") One of Thompson's favorite space-filling techniques is to take a mundane incident and blow it up into some kind of "legendary confrontation" that only he, the Doctor of Gonzo, could have pulled off. The most legendary of these occurred early in the primary season, in New Hampshire:

"By chance, I found George McGovern downstairs in the Men's Room, hovering in a urinal and staring straight ahead at the grey marble tiles.

"Say...ah...I hate to mention this,' I said, 'But what about this thing with Hughes?[Senator Harold Hughes had just endorsed Edmund Muskie for President.]

"He flinched and quickly zipped his pants up, shaking his head and mumbling something about 'a deal for the vice-presidency.' I could see that he didn't want to talk about it, but I wanted to get his reaction before he and Dougherty could put a story together.

"Why do you think he did it?" I said.

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"He was washing his hands, staring down at the sink. 'Well...' he said finally. 'I guess I shouldn't say this, Hunter, but I honestly don't know. I'm surprised; we're all surprised.'

"He looked very tired, and I didn't see much point in prodding him to say anything else about what was clearly a painful subject. We walked upstairs together, but I stopped at the desk to get a newspaper while he went into the dining room"

Throughout the book Thompson comes back to this story, pumping it up a little more each time. Towards the end it has been transformed into "that now-infamous 'Men's Room Interview' with McGovern. People have been asking me about it ever since." Of course Thompson is making fun of the big-shot "thinking columnists" who write as much about where and how they get information as what they learn. After plodding through columnists who say things like, "As our private jet rose out of the fog over Heathrow, the senator confided to me..." it's pretty funny to think of one writing, "As we were pissing, the senator confided to me...." But Thompson comes back to this incident over and over until its humor value has been pounded flat. You think to yourself, "Oh no, not *that* again." Thompson has to fill the space somehow, and endlessly reusing his clever ideas is a way of admitting just how few he has. It's also a way of admitting that, while the big-shot columnists may not have found a perfect and truthful journalism, neither has Thompson.

My guess is Thompson knew from the start what a literary fraud he was perpetrating. This, after all, is a writer Anson describes as once having spent "evening after evening laboriously copying pages from Faulkner and Fitzgerald, trying to unravel the genius of their rhythms, wanting to feel their talent coursing through his fingertips." Meanwhile the word Thompson uses most frequently for his own work is "gibberish," as in "I'll probably finish this table of contents and go home for Christmas and then have to live for 100 more years with all this goddamn gibberish I'm lashing together" (from the preface to *Great Shark Hunt*).

Yes, Thompson knows the truth—he's rich and famous not because of his talent or suffering, but because he happened to have one clever idea in exactly the right place at the right time. Since this isn't hard to detect—Thompson practically confesses the fraud in passages like the above—the question becomes, why were so many people taken in?

In the case of the reporters who covered the 1972 campaign, whose praise had a lot to do with giving him respectability, I think the answer was simply envy. All of them were bound by certain constraints—there were things they wanted to say but couldn't under the rules of the game. Except Thompson. Thompson could say whatever he wanted and it would be printed, no questions asked. Thompson could write fantasies, diatribes, lies, and speculation. He had so much *freedom*. And he could shamelessly make himself the star—an effect many reporters secretly long for and go to elaborate lengths trying to achieve. "After the revolution, we'll all write like Hunter," one Los Angeles TV reporter told Tim Crouse, author of *The Boys on the Bus*.

As for the rest of us, we countercultural types who lapped up every precious word the doctor shoveled our way, the cause of our hero-worship was equally simple, though far more unattractive. Hunter Thompson was the journalist who catered to our prejudices. He described politicians the way we ourselves liked to describe them; he pictured the American political system the way we pictured it. He made no attempt at explaining or understanding or challenging. He simply told us what we wanted to hear.

Thus: "Hubert Humphrey is a treacherous, gutless old ward-heeler who should be put in a goddamn bottle and sent out with the Japanese Current." The Democratic party was "a gang of senile leeches like George Meany, Hubert Humphrey, and Mayor Daley." Henry Jackson was "that worthless asshole"; and on and on. America, he concludes, is "really just a nation of 220 million used car salesmen with all the money we need to buy guns, and no qualms at all about killing anybody else in the world who tries to make us uncomfortable."

Thompson always liked to claim that what he was really after was "truth." These, then, are his truths. You have to be a member of the Weather Underground to believe they contain any lasting insight. Most of us have outgrown our suspicion that within every politician lurks the soul of a fascist or murderer or both. It is easy to see now that Thompson was pandering to our worst instincts. There was no attempt to explain, say, *why* Hubert Humphrey was a "treacherous, gutless old ward-heeler"—it was merely *assumed* to be so, and that Thompson's readers will automatically agree with that assessment. Which of course they did.

This cultural arrogance represents one of the worst sides of the counterculture. We felt we were so special—so enlightened—that anyone who was not one of us was a lesser species of human. In Thompson's writing, this attitude is

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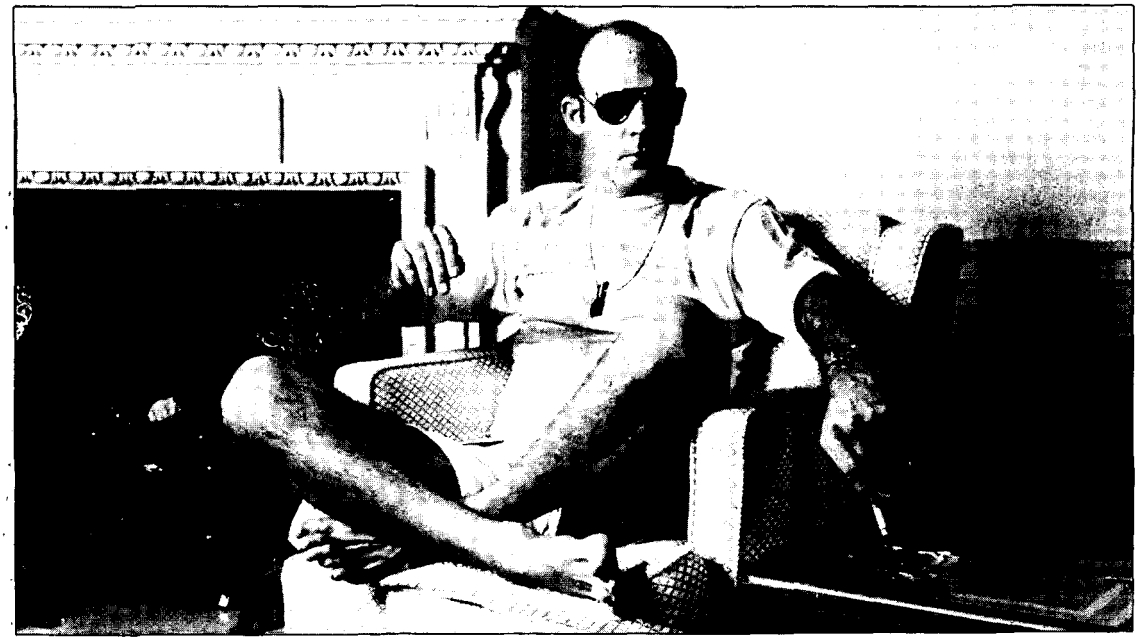

ALLEN G. ARPADI

best typified by an excerpt from the Las Vegas book, in which he describes the difficulties of a policeman trying to confirm hotel reservations:

"The man in front of me was a Police Chief from some small town in Michigan. His Agnew-style wife was standing about three feet off to his right while he argued with the desk clerk: 'Look, fella—I told you I had a postcard here that says I have *reservations* in this hotel. Hell, I'm with the District Attorney's Conference!...

"After ten minutes of standing in line behind this noisy little asshole and his friends, I felt the bile rising. Where did this *cop*—of all people—get the nerve to argue with anybody in terms of Right & Reason? I had *been there* with these fuzzy little shitheads—and so, I sensed, had the desk clerk. He had the air of a man who'd been fucked around, in his time, by a fairly good cross-section of mean-tempered rule-crazy cops....

"I was enjoying this whipsong, but after a while I felt dizzy, bad nervous, and my impatience got the better of my amusement. So I stepped around the Pig and spoke directly to the desk clerk."

Thompson hates this cop without ever having spoken a word to him. But don't we all. He is a *cop*, after all, and what's worse he has an "Agnew-style wife" and he's from "a small town in Michigan." The evidence is so compelling! How can you have anything but contempt for such a man?

It was, of course, intellectually fashionable to sneer at cops back then. Thompson made a good living riding the fashion. In that respect he was a manifestation of an old and ignoble strain in American journalism. We have always had our share of writers more interested in being fashionable, or snide, or above the fray than in understanding or enlightening. Thompson can probably trace his lineage directly to H.L. Mencken.

When you read Mencken's political journalism today, he's very difficult to make much sense of. He's witty alright—full of bombast and insult—but he tells you almost nothing about those conventions he "covered" so faithfully over the years. Going to Mencken to learn about Calvin Coolidge is about as useful as going to Thompson to learn about George McGovern.

Today you can see this same strain in, for instance, the writing of R. Emmett Tyrrell. Tyrrell, editor of the *American Spectator*, can write rings around Thompson, but what he has to say is seldom any closer to profound. Tyrrell is as much a prisoner of the fashion of the day as Thompson was; the fashion has changed, that's all. Instead of feeling culturally superior to cops, one is now supposed to idolize them and feel culturally superior to social workers. Tyrrell has a great deal of fun insulting and abusing everyone in the liberal galaxy, but he never stops to make a case against them in any informative way. He just assumes his own cultural superiority—assuming, as Thompson did, that it is much

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safer (and more rewarding) to play to the reader's baser instincts.

So you can see Thompson as primarily a continuaton of this smug, intellectually hollow tradition. But that would lead you to conclude there are no lessons to be learned from his experiments with style, which I think is wrong. Thompson's work provides considerable insights into why New Journalists missed a great opportunity—the chance to find a fusion between the writing of opinion and the writing of fact.

Almost all respectable journalism is one or the other, fact or opinion. It splits writers into two camps, with neither side able to tell the whole story. This division can be seen most easily in the format of a conventional American newspaper—a news hole crammed with unexplained facts, and an editorial page crammed with unsubstantiated opinions. It can also be seen in the careers of great journalists. Walter Lippmann, for instance, was one of the best and most productive opinion writers we shall ever see. His writing was powerful in its analysis of events, but often unpersuasive, because it lacked the strong factual examples needed to snap ideas out of the realm of the theoretical and lock them into the reader's brain. As a result Lippmann's analysis often did not carry the weight it deserved. The same can be said of many talented contemporary opinion writers, like Tom Wicker and George Will.

At the opposite extreme are great fact writers like the craftsmen at *The New Yorker*, who have an extraordinary ability to assimilate facts and write about them in an exacting form. Yet these writers often leave the reader in the dark as to what, if anything, the parade of facts signifies.

The facts-only formula is tempting to writers and editors in part because it is so safe and easy. Thinking is hard work. You also have to commit yourself. You might even end up looking ridiculous if it turns out you are wrong, and this may explain why so many *New Yorker* writers so rigorously avoid the intellectual effort and risk of saying what they think. Thus you will find Elizabeth Drew taking 24,000 words to describe every conceivable detail of the life of a senator, but devoting hardly a paragraph to whether his work is worthwhile. Or in February, you found a lengthy two-part feature by Henry Cooper describing, in microscopic and surprisingly engaging detail, the space shuttle program—while barely raising the question of whether the shuttle is a good idea or not.

It's useful to know how the computers aboard the shuttle will draw information from navigational satellites; it's also useful to know whether the shuttle program should be preserved, changed, or canceled. Yet in conventional journalism, the writer who tells you one thing is forbidden to speak of the other. This ridiculous distinction is not only confining to the writer in his search for truth, but injurious to the reader in his search for understanding. Cold meaning-less objectivity belongs in wire-service reporting of the day's events, but when you find it in *The New Yorker*, being tossed off by the finest writers and editors the country has to offer, you've got to feel cheated.

New Journalism promised to change all that. New Journalists would break the bonds and establish new styles, perhaps developing a new general form that would merge fact-writing and opinion-writing, a style you might idealistically call truth-writing. But more than anyone else, Hunter Thompson has damaged and discredited New Journalism's promise. Instead of being exhilarated by his freedom, he was corrupted by it. Instead of using it in the search for truth, he used it for trivial self-promotion. Thompson's behavior suggested that what they say about the excesses of freedom is true. "See," editors wink to each other when Thompson's name comes up, "you give 'em the freedom to write whatever they want, and you get garbage. Make 'em stick to the formulas. It's safe."

The ideal of New Journalism—to find a form that explains, enlightens, and entertains all at once—has not died. You can see movement in that direction in newspapers like *The Washington Post* and the *Miami Herald*, which are putting increasing emphasis on writing the analytical series whose purpose is to tell the whole story. You can see it in books like *Southerners* by Marshall Frady. *Southerners* is a collection of magazine articles written around Thompson's time. They combine reporting and commentary, and are just as informative and thought-provoking today as the day they were written. But Thompson has given New Journalism a bad name, and the damage he did may take a long time to undo.

Part of the Gonzo doctor's "legendary" persona is his inability to actually hit anything with that .357 of his. His "target practice" consists of blasting away at the sky, because he doesn't want to embarrass himself by missing the bull's-eye. But unfortunately, his aim isn't bad enough. He may have shot New Journalism right through the heart. ■

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THIS HAS BEEN A TEST. HAD IT BEEN AN ACTUAL ALERT, THE WARNING SYSTEM WOULDN'T HAVE WORKED.

Here's another anecdote from Bill Gulley's book *Breaking Cover,* about life inside the White House bureaucracy:

During the Kennedy administration, a plan was ordered drawn up to arrange who would be evacuated to safety during a nuclear alert. Unbeknownst to Kennedy, two separate plans were prepared. One gave priority to Pentagon generals, and was shown to the Joint Chiefs of Staff to flatter them. Another gave priority to civilian officials and was shown to Cabinet members to fan their egos.

Since the plans were top secret, the two sides never compared notes, and thus none was the wiser. Of course, had there been an actual alert, utter chaos would have reigned. The plans did have one thing in common, however—the guy who wrote them put himself near the top of both lists. . . .

When You Care Enough to Make Someone Else Pay

Officials of the National Park Service are concerned about Congress assigning them responsibilities that traditionally have been assumed by state or local governments, or even private groups. For example, Senator Howard Metzenbaum recently amended a parks bill to turn a statue of David Burger (which stands outside the Jewish Community Center in Cleveland Heights, Ohio) into a national monument. It's not that anyone objects to conferring an honor in Burger's memory. It's that now the Park Service has to pay for care and maintenance of the statue. . . .

Tid~bits & Out~rages

The Neon Tetra Will See You Now . . .

Just before Richard Nolan, a defeated Minnesota congressman, left Capitol Hill, he sent a "Dear Colleague" letter to all senators and representatives. It said, "For sale, fish aquarium, $125, fully equipped including fish."

The letter noted, "This beautiful aquarium will add more life and beauty to your office. In addition, it offers an enjoyable diversion for constituents while they wait to see their congressman."

The STRANJ-est as-PEKT iz How of-TEN PEE-pel Yuz It

Ever wondered how to pronounce Brooks? Stumped by Evans, Ford, Lee, or that perennial tongue-twister, Jones? Then what you need is the Congressional Pronunciation Guide, "an aid to correct pronunciation of the names of the members of the 97th Congress."

Published by Nebraska Rep. Douglas Bereuter (BEE-writer), this impartial document lists all 535 congressional names—like Anderson (AN-der-son) and Craig (CRAIG). It tells you that Rose rhymes with goes. Also the pronunciations of all five Smiths—A., C., D., N., and V.—are listed separately. . . .

"If Nominated I Will Not Run, and If Elected I Will Refuse to Serve," She Later Noted . . .

Rita Jenrette recently said, "I have never sought publicity." The statement was made at a press conference.

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Who's Who in the Administration

Every so often a small change in personnel at some level of the government will prove to be the final piece that fits a larger jigsaw puzzle together. Such is the case with **Joel Lisker**, who is leaving his post as head of the foreign registration unit of the Justice Department (a job so small it's not even listed in the Executive Directory) in order to become staff director and general counsel to the new Senate Subcommittee on Security and Terrorism, a potentially very powerful position (remember Roy Cohn and David Schine?). Lisker, you may recall, is the man who made a name for himself by helping torpedo the Carter Administration over its handling of the Billy Carter case. Did Senators Strom Thurmond and Jeremiah Denton hire him as a reward, or has he been a conservative Republican all along?...

....One State Department appointment in the works is that of Thomas O. Enders to be Assistant Secretary for Inter-American Affairs. Enders is a career diplomat and former assistant secretary for economic affairs, but according to sources he speaks no Spanish and has never served in Latin America. (Enders's wife Gaetana was in the news in 1975 because of her efforts to match Southeast Asian refugees with Washington socialites who needed servants.)...

Enders's lack of qualification for his job points up an emerging problem with Reagan appointees. Many are rightly accused of being foxes guarding the chicken coop, but others don't even know where the chicken coop is. Aside from her participation in the Reagan campaign, the only discernible qualification of **Loret M. Ruppe**, newly named director of the Peace Corps, was that she once ran the United Way campaign in Houghton, Michigan (population, 6,067) and was active in the St. Joseph's Hospital Guild Board in the same town. When pressed for further details, her office added that she has "traveled widely."

....Alexander Haig's success in getting his way on the appointment of **Lawrence Eagleburger** as assistant secretary of state for European affairs represents another set-back for national security adviser Richard Allen, who sought help from Senate conservatives in his effort to block the nomination of Kissinger's old side-kick. But Allen cannot be counted out yet in what is shaping up as a major struggle with Haig. Sources say Edwin Meese, who is now clearly Reagan's number one man, is tending more and more to side with Allen.

In

WHITE HOUSE

Assistant to the President and Staff Director of the White House—**David Gergen,** a former aide to Presidents Nixon and Ford, most recently has been managing editor of the American Enterprise Institute magazine *Public Opinion.*

Assistant to the President for Intergovernmental Affairs—**Richard S. Williamson,** an attorney with the Chicago-based law firm of Winston & Strawn, served as deputy to Reagan campaign chairman Sen. Paul Laxalt.

Senior Policy Advisor to the President—**Melvin Bradley** has been special advisor to the director of the Office of Presidential Personnel.

Speechwriter—**Anthony Dolan** was a speechwriter during the Reagan campaign, and before that a reporter for the *Stamford (Conn.) Advocate,* where he won a 1978 Pulitzer Prize for investigating political corruption.

Speechwriter—**Mari Maseng,** a special assistant to the chairman of the Reagan for President campaign, was staff director of the Dole for President Committee.

Speechwriter—**Dana Rohrabacher** was assistant press secretary for the Reagan-Bush campaign, and before that wrote editorials for the *Orange County Register.*

Special Assistant to the President—**Helene von Damm** is Reagan's long-time personal secretary.

Special Assistant to the President for Policy Development—**Robert B. Carleson** has been president of Robert B. Carleson and Associates, a management consulting firm.

Special Assistant to the President for Scheduling—**Gregory Newell** is a former aide to Pennsylvania Governor Richard Thornburgh.

Special Assistant to the President for Intergovernmental Affairs—**Judy F. Peachee** was an aide to Virginia Senator John W. Warner.

Special Assistant to the President for Policy Development—**Doug Bandow** was a senior policy analyst for the Reagan campaign.

Deputy Assistant to the President—**Richard G. Darman,** a former assistant secretary of commerce in

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the Ford administration, will report to James Baker.

Deputy Assistant to the President—**Craig L. Fuller** was a former vice-president of Deaver & Hannaford, Inc., a public relations firm.

Deputy Assistant to the President—**Francis S. M. Hodsoll,** a former Foreign Service officer, will also report to James Baker.

Deputy Assistant to the President for Political Affairs—**Edward J. Rollins,** a former staff director for the California Assembly GOP Caucus, will report to Lyn Nofziger.

Deputy Assistant to the President and Director of Special Support Services—**Edward V. Hickey, Jr.,** was with the U.S. embassy in London.

Deputy White House Counsel—**Robert Garrick** is founder of Robert M. Garrick Associates, a public relations consulting firm.

Associate Director for Economics and Government, Office of Management and Budget—**Annelise G. Anderson** has been a research fellow at Stanford University's Hoover Institution.

Assistant Director of the Office of Cabinet Administration—**T. Kenneth Cribb, Jr.,** was a legal adviser during the Reagan campaign and transition.

Special Assistant in Charge of the Advance Office—**Stephen M. Studdert** has been a Utah businessman and deputy press secretary for the Reagan-Bush committee.

Director of the White House Visitors Office—**Carol S. McCain** was a press aide to Nancy Reagan during the Republican primaries.

Director of the Office of Special Presidential Messages—**Dodie T. Livingston** has been supervisor of the correspondence division of the Reagan-Bush committee.

Social Secretary to the White House—**Mabel ("Muffie") Hobard Brandon** has been national director of "Women in America," a traveling Bicentennial art exhibit.

Chief of Staff to the Vice President—**Admiral Daniel J. Murphy** has been deputy undersecretary of defense for policy review in the Carter administration, and was a deputy director of the CIA when Bush was its director.

Press Secretary to the Vice President—**Peter E. Teeley** was press secretary for the George Bush for President campaign, and prior to that for the Republican National Committee.

AGRICULTURE

Assistant Secretary for Food and Consumer Services—**Mary C. Jarratt** has been on the staff of the House Agriculture Committee.

Assistant Secretary for National Resources and Environment—**John B. Crowell, Jr.,** has been general counsel for Louisiana-Pacific Corp., a forest products company.

Assistant Secretary for Rural Development—**Frank Naylor, Jr.,** has been an official with the Farm Credit System in California.

COMMERCE

Undersecretary for International Trade—**Lionel H. Olmer** has been an official of Motorola, Inc. and has served on the Intelligence Advisory Board in the Nixon and Ford administrations.

Assistant Secretary for International Economic Policy—**Raymond J. Waldmann** has been a Washington lawyer with Schiff, Hardin & Waite.

Assistant Secretary for Trade Administration—**Laurence J. Brady** was director of the New Hampshire Coalition for Peace Through Strength.

Assistant Secretary for Trade Development—**William H. Morris, Jr.** has been president of a Nashville, Tennessee, management consultant firm, William Morris and Associates.

Assistant Secretary for Administration—**Arlene Triplette** has been director of administrative services for the Republican National Committee.

Assistant Secretary for Congressional Affairs—**Paul A. Vander Myde** has been minority staff director on the House Science and Technology Committee.

DEFENSE

Undersecretary for Policy—**Fred Ikle,** a foreign policy adviser during the Reagan campaign, is a former director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency.

Undersecretary for Research and Development—**Richard D. DeLauer** has been executive vice-president of TRW, Inc., a major defense contractor.

General Counsel—**William Howard Taft IV** has been a lawyer with the Washington firm of Leva, Hawes, Symington, Martin and Oppenheimer.

EDUCATION

Undersecretary—**William C. Clohan, Jr.,** has been minority education counsel to the House Education and Labor Committee.

Executive Assistant to the Secretary and Chief of Staff—**Elan Hertzler** has been an ombudsman at the Department of Education.

ENERGY

General Counsel—**R. Tenney Johnson** served on the

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Civil Aeronautics Board during the Nixon administration.

Deputy Press Secretary—**Carol Bauman,** wife of former Maryland Representative Robert Bauman, has been a staff reporter for *Eastern (Md.) Star Democrat.*

HEALTH AND HUMAN SERVICES

Assistant Secretary for Health—**Dr. Edward N. Brandt, Jr.** has been vice chancellor for health affairs at the University of Texas.

Assistant Secretary for Human Services—**Dorcas R. Hardy** has been associate director of health services research at the University of Southern California.

Administrator, Health Care Financing Administration—**Dr. Carolyne K. Davis** has been dean of the University of Michigan nursing school.

Assistant Secretary for Policy Development and Research—**Emanuel S. Savas** has been a professor at Columbia University's Graduate School of Business.

Commissioner of Social Security—**John A. Svahn** served as administrator of the Social Rehabilitation Service and director of the U.S. Office of Child Support Enforcement during the Ford administration.

HOUSING AND URBAN DEVELOPMENT

Assistant Secretary for Housing and Federal Housing Commissioner—**Philip D. Winn,** a real estate and marketing executive, has also been chairman of the Republican Party in Colorado.

INTERIOR

Assistant Secretary for Fish and Wildlife—**G. Ray Arnett** was California fish and game director under Governor Reagan.

Director, Bureau of Land Management—**Bob Burford** is a former speaker of the Colorado House of Representatives.

Director, Office of Surface Mining—**James R. Harris** was an Indiana state senator involved in challenging the federal strip mine law.

Director of Congressional Affairs—**Stanley W. Hulett** has been vice-president of the American Paper Institute and an executive vice-president of the California Forest Protection Association.

JUSTICE

Associate Attorney General—**Rudolph Guiliari** has been a lawyer in the New York firm of Patterson, Belknap, Webb and Tyler.

Assistant Attorney General, Criminal Division—**D. Lowell Jensen** has been district attorney for Alameda County, California.

Assistant Attorney General, Antitrust Division—**William Baxter** has been a law professor at Stanford University.

Assistant Attorney General for Land and Resources—**Carol E. Dinkins** has been a lawyer with the Houston firm of Vinson and Elkins.

Assistant Attorney General, Office of Legal Counsel—**Theodore Olson** was a partner with the Los Angeles firm of Gibson, Dunn and Crutcher.

LABOR

Solicitor—**T. Timothy Ryan** has been a partner in the Washington labor law firm Pierson, Ball, Dowd.

Assistant Secretary for Occupational Safety and Health—**Thorne G. Auchter** has been executive vice president of the Auchter Company, a Jacksonville, Florida, construction firm.

Assistant Secretary for Employment and Training—**Albert Angrisari** has been an executive at the Chase Manhattan Bank.

Deputy Undersecretary for Legislation and Intergovernmental Relations—**Donald Shasteen** is a former managing editor of the news division at Broadcast Consultants Corporation of Leesburg, Virginia.

STATE

Assistant Secretary of Economic Affairs—**Robert D. Hormats,** a former deputy U.S. trade representative, served on the National Security Council staff during the Ford administration.

Assistant Secretary for Human Rights and Humanitarian Affairs—**Ernest W. Lefever** has been director of the Washington-based Ethics and Public Policy Center, a conservative think tank.

Assistant Secretary for European Affairs—**Lawrence Eagleburger** has been ambassador to Yugoslavia, and before that was a top aide to Henry Kissinger.

Assistant Secretary for East Asian and Pacific Affairs—**John Holdridge** is a former ambassador to the Republic of Singapore.

Assistant Secretary for Near Eastern and South Asian Affairs—**Nicholas A. Veliotes** is a career foreign service officer.

Assistant Secretary for International Organizations—**Elliott Abrams** has been special counsel to Senators Daniel Patrick Moynihan and Henry M. Jackson.

Assistant Secretary for Oceans and International Environmental and Scientific Affairs—**James L. Malone** headed the transition team at the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency.

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Deputy Assistant Secretary for Congressional Relations—**Alvin P. Drischler** has been an executive assistant to Senator Paul Laxalt.

Chief of Protocol—**Leonore H. Annenberg** is the wife of Walter H. Annenberg, former ambassador to Great Britain.

Ambassador-at-Large for Cultural Affairs—**Daniel J. Terra,** founder of an Illinois chemical company, is the only non-Californian in Reagan's so-called "kitchen cabinet."

Deputy Representative to the United Nations—**Marshall Brement** was a member of the National Security Council staff in the Carter administration.

Undersecretary for Economic Affairs—**Myer Rashish** has been a private economic consultant.

Representative to the Vatican—**William A. Wilson,** a California industrialist, real estate developer, and cattle rancher, is a member of Reagan's "kitchen cabinet."

TRANSPORTATION

Assistant Secretary for Policy and International Affairs—**Judith T. Connor** has been director of international affairs for Pan American Airways.

Administrator, Federal Aviation Administration—**J. Lynn Helms** is a retired president of the Piper Aircraft Corp. and a former Navy test pilot.

TREASURY

Assistant Secretary for Tax Policy—**John E. Chapoton** has been a lawyer with the Houston-based firm of Vinson and Elkins.

Treasurer of the United States—**Angela Marie Buchanan** was treasurer of the Reagan campaign.

AGENCIES AND COMMISSIONS

ACTION
Director—**Thomas Weir Pauken** has been a Texas lawyer in private practice and an unsuccessful congressional candidate.

Director, Peace Corps—**Loret M. Ruppe,** co-chairman of the Michigan Reagan-Bush committee, directed the United Fund Campaign and the St. Joseph's Hospital Guild in Houghton, Michigan.

Commodity Futures Trading Commission
Chairman—**Philip Johnson** has been a lawyer with the Chicago law firm of Kirkland and Ellis.

Environmental Protection Agency
Administrator—**Anne M. Gorsuch** has been a Denver, Colorado, attorney and former state legislator.

Deputy Administrator—**John Whitlock Hernandez** has been a civil engineering professor at the University of New Mexico.

Federal Emergency Management Agency
Director—**Louis O. Giuffrida,** a retired MP colonel, served as director of the California Specialized Training Institute, which provides emergency management training to deal with terrorism, earthquakes and hazardous materials.

General Services Administration
Administrator—**Gerald Carmen** was the chairman of the Reagan campaign in New Hampshire.

Office of Personnel Management
Director—**Donald J. Devine,** a former University of Maryland professor, was a regional political director for the Reagan-Bush committee.

Securities and Exchange Commission
Chairman—**John S. R. Shad** has been vice-chairman of E. F. Hutton and Co.

Small Business Administration
Administrator—**Michael Cardenas** was a CPA with Fox and Co. in Fresno, California.

Out

WHITE HOUSE
Executive Associate Director for Reorganization and Management, Office of Management and Budget—**W. Harrison Wellford** has become a partner in the new Washington law firm of Wellford, Wegman, Krulwich, Gold and Hoff.

JUSTICE
Assistant Attorney General, Antitrust Division—**Sanford M. Litvack** will return to the New York law firm of Donovan, Leisure, Newton and Irvine.

Chief, Registrations Unit—**Joel Lisker** will be staff director and chief counsel on the Senate Judiciary Committee's new Subcommittee on Security and Terrorism.

TREASURY
Deputy Secretary—**Robert Carswell** will lecture at the University of Pennsylvania law school and the Wharton School of Economics.

AGENCIES AND COMMISSIONS
Consumer Product Safety Commission
General Counsel—**Andrew S. Krulwich** will also join the new Washington law firm of Wellford, Wegman, Krulwich, Gold and Hoff.

Federal Communications Commission
Commissioner—**Tyrone Brown** will become a partner in the Washington law firm of Steptoe and Johnson.

Interstate Commerce Commission
Chairman—**Darius W. Gaskin, Jr.** has resigned and will be executive vice president of Natomas North American, an oil company.

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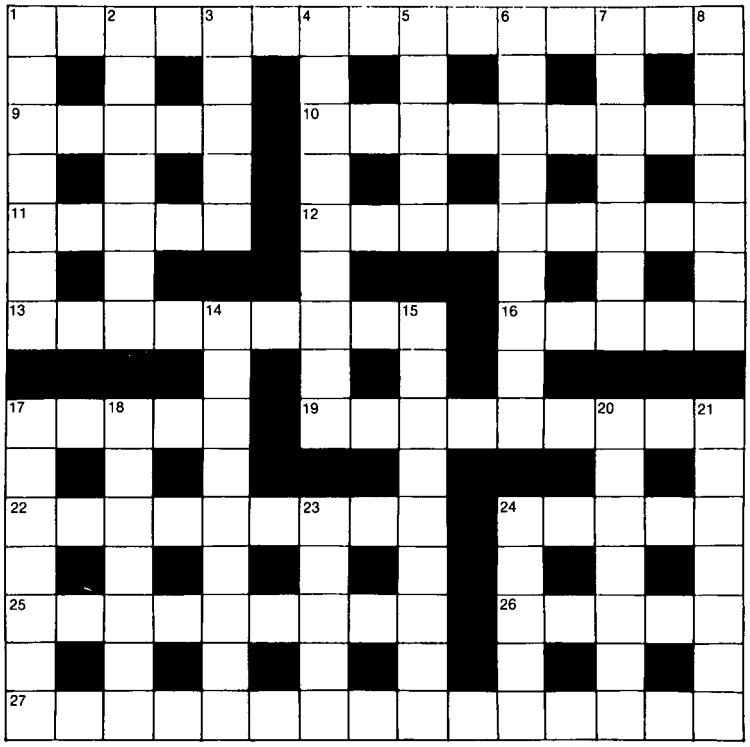
the political puzzle

by John Barclay



The numbers indicate the number of letters and words, e.g., (2,3) means a two-letter word followed by a three-letter word. Groups of letters, e.g., USA, are treated as one word.

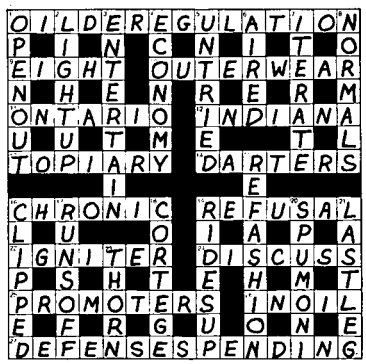
ACROSS

1. Important men when 27 Across are new, bidders got truce arranged. (6,9)
9. Mad pirate meets his end. (5)
10. Same train switched makes meat tasty. (9)
11. Feast determined destinies. (5)
12. Tiny neon to the East makes bakers dozen for each day of the week. (6,3)
13. See and make little general cozier somehow. (9)
16. Objects and cigars are out. (5)
17. Manor set for opera. (5)
19. They plant red ranges in a new way. (9)
22. Clumsy Ali controlled in one art. (9)
24. Belief in sloppy decor. (5)
25. Make tone-blind assembly lose identity. (5,4)
26. Swirling steam for 21 Down. (5)
27. Strong drugs prescribed in Washington? (15)

DOWN

1. Shorter press secretary? (7)
2. Extreme cards it shuffled. (7)
3. Double play pivot in reverse. (5)
4. Requesting organization of manned dig. (9)
5. Typical TV show portrays Der Fuhrer unfavorably. (5)
6. Policeman who provides prisoners a place to eat? (9)
7. Not safe newspaper on the perimeter. (7)
8. Peculiar rites in a ship for females. (7)
14. Peeked at messy 500 cleaning. (7,2)
15. Hoary rule broken before dawn. (5,4)
17. Combine one man, one degree in Africa. (7)
18. To cook again tears me in pieces. (7)
20. Sort of magnet for lore, etc. (7)
21. Little American posse formed for husbands and wives. (7)
23. Joins the golf club? (5)
24. Heavenly body is first person in bed. (5)

Answers to last month's puzzle:



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Where to Stay in Washington

Around Dupont Circle

Dupont Plaza, Dupont Circle N.W., (202) 483-6000. If you're looking for elegant decor and fancy extras, look someplace else. Dupont Plaza is a straightforward hotel that caters to the traveling executive. While there is no pizzazz, there are features designed with the businessman in mind, such as wet bars and/or refrigerators in every room, telephones in the bathrooms, and a guest service that can get you everything from a calculator to a translator. All the rooms are decorated in gold and rust and are cozy, if not overly spacious; some of the suites are convertible into two- and three-bedroom layouts. Singles are $55-$85; doubles $75-$105; suites (no kitchens) $160-$300. Children under 14 stay free with their parents. Valet parking is $9 a night.

There are group rates for businessmen and tour groups. The hotel's eight meeting rooms can accommodate anything from small meetings to medium-sized conventions. Dupont Plaza also offers a special corporate program: a guarantee of five reservations per month from a company gets the buyers a discount, VIP status, pre-registration and insured availability up to 24 hours in advance. Reservations are made directly through the sales office.

Stephanie's, the Dupont Plaza's only dining room, is a reasonably priced, Viennese-style restaurant that features a piano player and strolling violinist in the evenings.

The Embassy Row, 2015 Massachusetts Ave., N.W. (800)323-7500. This hotel has had a variety of owners, and the result is an unharmonious mix of modern art, chandeliers, and hanging plants. The guest rooms, at least, are predominantly done in the continental style. All are the same size and have the same extras—color televisions complete wtih Home Box Office, individual thermostats (truly a relief from the fry-or-freeze format of modern centrally heated, hermetically sealed hotels) telephones in bathrooms, and small safe-keeping boxes. Singles are $75; doubles $80; suites (some with kitchens) $110-$250. Children under 14 are free in the same room with parents; valet parking is $4.50 per night. A special treat, if you're on an expense account and have a limousine to get you there, is access to the Watergate Health Club, $30 a day and a mere 10 blocks away. A weekend package offers champagne, Saturday breakfast, Sunday brunch, and one drink in the bar for $120 per couple.

The hotel has a small board room and two large meeting rooms which can accommodate 100 people. The management does not encourage conventions.

Le Consultat, serving all three meals, is the hotel's formal dining room. There's a nice variety of French entrees available, but make sure your billfold contains a nice variety of greenbacks. You can also lunch in the **Atrium**, a cheerful room with lots of light, wood, plants, and a greenhouse ceiling. The Atrium doubles as the Embassy Row's bar, and features classical pianist Ron Kramer every evening except Monday.

The Fairfax, 2100 Massachusetts Ave., N.W. (202) 265-1600. The Fairfax just acquired a four-star rating from Mobil, and deserves it. It is the epitome of understated elegance. Its Colonial Williamsburg decor is set off by oriental carpets in the hallways and landings and Baker furniture especially made for the hotel. Frills include brass fixtures and heat lamps in the baths, 24-hour room service, and a turn-down service that leaves a Godiva chocolate and small bottle of Courvoisier on your pillow. There is also a concierge who can make anything from a Water Pik to a limousine appear in a trice. Singles are $95-$130; doubles, $115-$130; suites (no kitchens), $250-$450. Valet parking is $6.50 a night for hotel guests, free for restaurant patrons. Children under 16 are free when they stay with parents, but there's a $15 fee if a rollaway bed is required.

On the weekends all rooms except suites are $80. There's a package called Washington in Style ($167.50 per person, double occupancy) which includes a three-hour limousine ride, Saturday breakfast, Sunday brunch, dinner or theatre tickets, and yes, one drink at the bar. The hotel has three meeting rooms, but the largest accommodates only 42 people.

The Jockey Club, which was in its heyday during the Kennedy administration, is the Fairfax's only restaurant. The decor matches the spirit of a jockey club—loads of wood and leather. But the prices are about as much fun as being kicked by your polo pony—$5.75 for continental breakfast and dinner entrees in the $14-$23 range. You might want to sample the hotel's new English afternoon tea in the cocktail lounge.

—Donna Fenn

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POLITICAL BOOK NOTES

Debacle: The American Failure in Iran. *Michael Ledeen and William Lewis. Knopf, $14.95.* Here's the first entry in the "Who Lost Iran?" sweepstakes.

Ledeen and Lewis blame it on an odd coalition of Carter idealists and CIA pragmatists. Those who think Carter's human rights policy had no effect are wrong, they say: it knocked off the Shah. The Shah is painted as a virtual U.S. puppet—an indecisive man who knows he has no mandate to rule, more like the general of an occupation army than an emperor. When Carter's Washington tells the Shah to cool it, he cools it; the opposition runs wild and he falls.

Meanwhile Carter is being ill served by Richard Helms and then William Sullivan, his Tehran ambassadors, who, along with the CIA, consistently suppress word of how deeply the Iranian people hate their ruler. "Helms knew nobody wanted to hear bad news in Washington," they explain. "Any inclination he might have had to write pessimistic reports was tempered by the realization that he would be blamed for much of it." So instead Helms "stressed what he saw as the outstanding leadership qualities of the Shah, and the monarch's absolute certainty in the Iranian universe."

Ledeen, a hot neoconservative journalist, and Lewis, a political scientist, endorse the neocon line about Iran. The Shah was not one of our century's great humanitarians, they concede, but he had some democratic sentiments; if only we had ordered him to have SAVAK shove broken Coke bottles up the anuses of a few more opposition leaders, all would still be well in the Persian Gulf. The authors' casual acceptance of fascist police-state tactics—they cheerfully note that "between February 1971 and October 1977 only 341 guerrillas were killed in Iran"—is nearly enough to dismiss them from the company of men. But unfortunately there is no debating their contention that what followed the Shah—an irrational, violent reactionary surrounded by various fanatics with ties to the terrorist international—is no less evil.

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Perhaps if the Shah had been less a U.S. stand-in from the start, and worked to win the Iranian people's genuine affection, the mass psychosis of that sad land might not have developed. Now that it has, it's hard to know what to do. Leaving Iran alone for a long, long time might be the only cure. It may prove that, in the end, whoever lost Iran was a hero.

—Gregg Easterbrook

Destination Peace: Three Decades of Israeli Foreign Policy. *Gideon Rafael. Stein and Day, $16.95.* Gideon Rafael was there from the beginning in 1948—when the Israeli foreign ministry had no budget, was struggling for acceptance and agonizing over every syllable coming out of the U.N. After recounting year after year of tragedy, Rafael remains hopeful; he suggests "the absurdity of war" has finally dawned on the Middle East. May his optimism be self-fulfilling.

—Pat Martin

The Election of 1980: Reports and Interpretations. *Gerald M. Pompei et al. Chatham House, $12.95.*

Equality, Moral Incentives, and the Market. *Univ. of Chicago, $19.00.*

The Ethnic Myth: Race, Ethnicity and Class in America. *Stephen Steinberg. Atheneum, $12.95.*

Everything We Had: An Oral History of the Vietnam War as Told by 33 American Soldiers Who Fought It. *Al Santoli, ed. Random House, $12.95.*

Five Economic Challenges. *Robert L. Heilbroner, Lester C. Thurow. Prentice-Hall, $10.*

George Orwell: A Life. *Bernard Crick. Atlantic-Little, Brown, $17.95.*

Governance of Public Enterprise. *Neil W. Hamilton, Peter Hamilton. Lexington Books, $18.95.*

The Nationalization of State Government. *Jerome J. Hanus. Lexington, $19.95.*

On a Field of Red: The Communist International and the Coming of World War II. *Anthony Cave Brown, Charles B. MacDonald. Putnam's, $19.95.* In 660 astoundingly detailed pages of places, dates, and strange code names, the authors, a British journalist and American military historian, provide an analysis of the role of East-West espionage between the Bolshevik Revolution and World War II. The focus is on Russia's Comintern and its (since disbanded, Moscow asserts . . . heh, heh) efforts to plant the seeds of communist revolution worldwide.

The contrasting and overlapping intelligence networks are truly impressive—the Bolsheviks versus the White Russians, Stalinites vs. Trotskyites, Communists vs. Fascists, Liquidators vs. Geese (two competing U.S. Communist Party factions of the 1920s). The authors present an incredible depth of detail as they

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sketch the class antecedents, ideological motivations, and even wardrobes of seemingly thousands of spies and counterspies. The most spectacular code name? That of the French counterespionage commissaire, Charles Faux-pas-Bidet.

—*P.M.*

Organizing for Women. *Dale Masi. Lexington, $22.95.*

Politicians, Socialism and Historians. *A.J.P. Taylor. Stein & Day, $15.95.* A.J.P. Taylor is the most famous living British historian, but he holds no university chair. He now makes his living by writing articles and—horror of horrors for a "serious" historian—appearing on television. Taylor's candor and lack of pretension no doubt have a lot to do with his absence from Oxford. "Popular" historians are often scorned by scholars who are jealous of their fame or offended by their simple prose and accessible approach.

The charges against Taylor contain a grain of truth, as this anthology of essays and book reviews shows. He is a bit of a hack; his analysis, while competent, usually stops well short of profound. The wonderful thing about Taylor is that he admits it. In a brief and charming autobiographical essay, he labels several of his early books turkeys, then goes on to explain the real secret of his success: "With a pen you write words. With a typewriter you write sentences. With an electric typewriter, which I now use, you write paragraphs. In military terms: bow and arrow, musket, machine gun. I try to keep up a continuous fire." The aim, he says, need be true because "a work of history misfires unless readers get the same pleasure they do from a novel." No wonder the dons hate him.

The selections are not edited especially well, but their pungency comes through. From an essay rating the chances people of different economic classes have of making it in British society: "If you are born of an agricultural laborer you should give it up from the start."

—*Jonathan Alter*

"ARGUING for a more modulated view of Soviet actualities than the one expressed recently by Ronald Reagan, George Kennan begins by quoting from *Troilus and Cressida*: 'Take but degree away, untune that string And hark! what discord follows.' Kennan apparently thinks the word 'degree' there means the opposite of 'over-simplification.' Shakespeare's Ulysses is actually referring to the degrees, that is, situations, in the social hierarchy. Was George depending upon Bartlett's?"

For a free copy of the current issue of National Review, write to Dept. W-2, 150 East 35th Street, New York, New York 10016.

Party Coalitions. *John Petrocik. Univ. of Chicago, $20.*

The Prime Ministers: From Robert Walpole to Margaret Thatcher. *George Malcolm Thomson. Morrow, $15.95.*

Proposition 13 and Land Use. *Jeffrey I. Chapman. Lexington, $22.95.*

The Road to Nuremburg: *Bradley F. Smith. Basic, $13.95.*

The Silent Intruder: Surviving the Radiation Age. *Charles Panati, Michael Hudson. Houghton Mifflin, $9.95.*

The Terror Network: The Secret War of International Terrorism. *Claire Sterling. Reader's Digest, $13.95.*

Tocayo: A Cuban Resistance Leader's True Story. *Antonio Navarro. Arlington House, $14.95.*
This is an autobiographical account of a young, upper-class Cuban who welcomes Castro and the coming of "democracy" until he finds his kind left out.

Navarro and his affluent pals are off on a pigeon shoot the day Batista is overthrown. Over daiquiris they admit to themselves that Batista had to go—the upper classes had begun to prefer buying off public servants to becoming ones. They toast their resolve to assume leadership positions in the new society. "So what if they say that this is a Leftist revolution?" Navarro asks as he hugs his wife in "teary-eyed excitement" as they watch his old schoolmate Castro. "Can't we make a few sacrifices for our country?"

But soon the family business is confiscated, despite personal pleas to old schoolmate Castro, and handed over to uneducated partisans for management. Che Guevera advises Navarro to read Kafka's *The Trial* rather than appeal the confiscation. "It almost seems a crime to have been moderately successful before," Navarro notes. "The poor would love to destroy the system, then there would be no stigma of failure."

Navarro becomes a fund-raiser and radio operator for the largest anti-Castro faction in Cuba. He is appalled by Castro's executions and renunciation of his free-elections promise. Navarro dreams of the rumored invasion that becomes Bay of Pigs. When it fails, he flees to the Brazilian embassy for asylum. "It will be generations before we could get back to the incredible opportunity of the revolution," he laments.

—*Michael Hiestand*

The Third Option: An American View of Counter-insurgency Operations. *Theodore Shackley. McGraw-Hill, $12.*

War Since 1945. *Michael Carver. Putnam, $14.95.*

Washington in Pieces. *John Nollson. Doubleday, $11.95.*

The Winning Weapon: The Atomic Bomb in the Cold War 1945-1950. *Gregg Herken. Knopf, $15.*

World War II Almanac 1931-1945: A Political and Military Record. *Robert Goralski. Putnam's, $17.95.*

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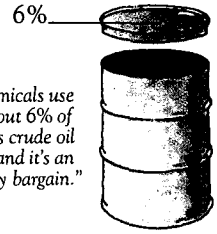

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